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VOL. XLII. SMETHPORT, PA., THURSDAY, AUG. 31, 1905. NO. 35

SMETHPORT IS NOW IN FIRST PLACE

Win One from Jewett Saturday and Two from Derrick City Tuesday.

DENNING PITCHES GREAT BALL.

He Wins Both Games on Tuesday by Excellent Work—We Lost to Derrick Thursday.

M'KEAN LEAGUE STANDING.

	W.	L.	P. C.
Smethport	11	5	.687
Derrick City	9	5	.642
Eldred	5	6	.451
Mt. Jewett	2	11	.154

The winning of two games from Derrick City Tuesday afternoon at Kane Field puts Smethport in first place in the McKean League and gives us the best kind of a chance to keep the pennant here for another year at least. The first game was an easy victory the score being 14 to 6 and the second was a hard fought battle, Smethport winning out by making three runs in the ninth inning by a score of 6 to 4.

Fuller was scheduled to pitch the first game but did not show up at the appointed time so Denning was warmed up and put in and the manager went looking for "Big Patch." When he found him he also found that Big Bill was very much indisposed and therefore it was decided to pitch Denning both games if he could hold out. This it will be seen by the score he did admirably and too much credit cannot be given our plucky little twirler for these two glorious victories, when it is understood that Derrick City got eight of their nine hits and all of their runs in the first game in the last three innings after the game was safely ours and Denning had been instructed by the manager to ease up and save himself for the second game.

The first game started with Smethport at bat and Trace in the centre for the visitors. Aside from Daniels single the side was retired in order. Four Drillers faced Denning, one reaching first on an error. In the second inning matters were just reversed. Four men faced each pitcher, Denning reaching first on an error and Delo making a hit.

In the third inning Croissant "broke a path" around the bases by hitting it into the creek. McCabe got a life on an error. Then Tull and Daniels beat out bunts, Young and Denning followed with singles and King with a two-bagger; Daniels being caught between third and home while trying to score on a hit. Estry drew four balls, stole second, went to third on an error and scored on Brown's out to left field, Croissant's fly to center retiring the side with seven runs to their credit. Derrick was retired in order with the exception of Wise who drew a pass and stole second and third, Denning striking out the next two up.

Smethport took a rest in the fourth and aside from Tull's pass the side was retired in order. Three men faced Denning, the first two striking out and the third on a grounder to "Curley."

The home team also failed to score in the fifth although with one out King was passed. Estry hit a high one safe. Brown fanned and King was caught at the plate in trying to score on Croissant's hit between third and short. A pass and an error put two of the visitors on bases, but the next three up retired the side.

McCabe started the sixth with a hit, Tull sacrificed, Daniels followed with a single, scoring Zeke, Young sacrificed and Daniels went to third on Trace's error and scored on Denning's single, Kings grounder to second retiring the side with two more runs to their credit. Three men faced Denning.

"Souse" was the way Estry saluted the ball in the seventh and then trotted around the circle. Brown was retired on a fly to center, Croissant drew a pass, stole second and, after McCabe's foul fly was caught, scored on Tull's hit, Daniels grounder to second retiring the side with two more runs to their credit. Russell opened with a single, stole second and scored on McCabe's error on Caswell's grounder. Old Hoss caught Caswell at second and Abrams and Trace retired in order.

Young opened the eighth with a single but was caught at second on Denning's attempted sacrifice. King dumped it into the drink, scoring himself and Denning. Estry hit safe and went to second on Wise's error on a player's choice, Naber got Croissant's fly and McCabe's grounder to Trace retired the side. Wise got a life on Denning's error, took second on R. Delo's sacrifice, but was caught on the line on a player's choice. Shannon drew a pass, Naber scored on King's error, and S. Delo was retired on player's choice after making a hit, making the score 13 to 2.

Tull opened the ninth with a two bagger and scored on two errors which quickly followed, giving the home team their last run. Caswell started with a hit and Abrams followed suit but was caught at second on a player's choice, Wise hit safely, scoring Caswell and advancing Trace to third, Wise stole and both advanced on a passed ball; Wise was caught on the line by Denning on R. Delo's bunt. Naber and Shannon hit safely and advanced on Daniel's error of S. Delo's hard hit ball, Russell hit safely but Shannon was caught on the line while trying to score on the hit retiring the side after four runs had been made. Score, Smethport 14; Derrick City 6. Following is the tabulated score:

Derrick City	AB	R	H	PO	A	E
Wise, 2b	4	0	1	3	3	4
P. Delo, cf	4	1	0	0	0	0
Naber, ss	5	2	1	3	2	1
Shannon, lf	4	0	1	1	0	0
S. Delo, 3b	5	0	2	1	2	0
Russell, cf	5	1	2	3	1	0
Caswell, 1b	3	1	1	10	0	0
Abrams, c	4	0	1	3	1	0
Trace, p	4	1	0	0	4	2
Totals	39	6	9	27	16	7

Smethport	AB	R	H	PO	A	E
McCabe, 3b	6	2	1	2	3	2
Tull, ss	4	2	3	0	3	1
Daniels, 2b	6	1	3	7	1	1
Young, c	5	1	2	8	0	0
Denning, p	6	2	2	2	5	1
King, 1b	4	2	2	7	0	1
Estry, lf	5	2	3	1	0	0
Brown, rf	5	0	0	0	1	0
Croissant, cf	4	2	2	0	0	0
Total	45	14	16	27	10	6

By innings:

Derrick City	0	0	0	0	0	0	1	1	4	—6
Smethport	0	0	7	0	0	2	2	2	1	—14

Earned runs—Derrick City 1; Smethport 5.
Home runs—Croissant, Estry, King.
Two base hits—King, Tull.
Sacrifice hits—Daniels, Young.
Stolen bases—Wise 3, Naber, Russell, Abrams.
Base on balls—off Trace 3; off Denning 2.
Struck out—by Trace 5; by Denning 5.
Wild pitch—Trace 1.
Hit by pitcher—King.
Passed ball—Young.
Time of game—1:35.
Umpire—Ross Knapp.

SECOND GAME.

Sam Delo did the pitching for the visitors and only one man reached first in the first inning and that was on an error in right field. Denning retired the visitors in order.

The home players were retired in the second and two errors and two hits gave the visitors two runs.

There was nothing further doing in the run getting line until the fifth inning when King opened with a two-bagger, went to third on Caswell's error which gave Estry a life. Here McCabe took King's place and was called out for interference while in the line between first and home. Croissant hit a grounder to short and Estry scored on Abrams' error at the plate. A strike-out and a fly retired the side. Russell hit safely, went to third on an error and scored on a wild pitch. Score, Derrick City 3, Smethport 1.

Both sides were blanked in the sixth, but in the seventh Brown opened with a two-bagger, the next two were retired, Tull's long fly was dropped in right garden and Daniels and Young hit safely, netting two runs. After two were out S. Delo connected for one sack, stole second and scored on a fly dropped by Croissant in center field. Score, Derrick City 4, Smethport 3.

King started the eighth with a two-bagger, but one of the Drillers shouted foul and King, thinking it was the umpire started back and was caught, Estry drew a pass but was doubled on Brown's ball to second. Three men faced Denning.

Croissant started things off in the ninth with a clean single and advanced to third on McCabe's hit and Zeke stole second, Tull attempted to sacrifice but it was so short that Croissant did not try to score. Croissant and McCabe both scored and Daniels reached second on Wise's error, Young struck out and Denning hit a fly to right garden, which was muffed by Lawry, scoring Daniels. Denning attempted second on a claim of balk which was not allowed, retiring the side. Three men faced Denning. Score, Smethport 6, Derrick City 4.

Old Hoss Young presided behind the gun in both games and was just as clever as in the days of old, with the exception of shooting them to second, but at that he caught some and others did not consider it safe to steal that bag.

The tabulated score follows:

Derrick City	AB	R	H	PO	A	E
Naber, ss	5	0	1	2	0	1
Russell, 3d	5	1	1	1	0	0
Wise, 2d	5	0	0	2	2	1
Abrams, c	5	0	0	6	3	1
S. Delo, p	3	2	2	2	7	0
Shannon lf	3	1	0	0	0	0
Trace, cf	4	0	2	1	0	1
Caswell, 1b	3	0	0	11	1	1
Lawry, rf	2	0	0	1	0	3
Totals	36	4	6	*26	13	8

*McCabe out for interference.

Smethport	AB	R	H	PO	A	E
McCabe, 3d	5	1	1	0	0	1
Tull, ss	5	1	0	0	1	0
Daniels, 2b	5	1	2	2	1	1
Young, c	5	0	2	13	0	0
Denning, p	5	0	0	1	3	0
King, 1b	4	0	2	7	0	1
Estry, lf	3	1	0	4	0	0
Brown, lf	4	1	1	0	0	0
Croissant, cf	4	1	1	0	0	1
Totals	40	6	9	27	5	4

By innings:

Derrick City	0	2	0	0	1	0	1	0	0	—4
Smethport	0	0	0	0	1	0	2	0	3	—6

Two base hits—Delo; King 2.
Struck out—by Delo 8; by Denning 13.
Base on balls—off Delo 1; off Denning 1.
Stolen bases—S. Delo, Shannon, Trace 2; McCabe, King.
Double plays—Wise to Caswell to Abrams.
Hit by pitcher—Caswell, Lawry.
Wild pitch—Denning 1.
Passed ball—Young.
Time of game—2 hours.
Umpire—Ross Knapp.

SMETHPORT 12; MT. JEWETT 3.

The Mt. Jewett aggregation of ball tossers to the number of eight, strolled down from the mountain town last Saturday afternoon for the purpose of playing a league game with the champs. Smethport was long on players that day and so Brown, our clever right fielder, was loaned to the visitors and the game started.

Fuller was in the box for the home team and Cleveland reached first on a hard hit ball to Big Bill. Workheiser reached first on McCabe's error but Slack's grounder to Keefer doubled Cleveland at the plate. E. Benson got a hit, scoring Workheiser and the side was retired by McCabe nabbing Rook's foul fly.

John Benson was on the slab for the Mountaineers and he felt grateful for the use of Brown and gave McCabe a pass, but caught Tull's bunt on the fly, Keefer's fly was pulled down by Benson and the side was retired on Daniels' grounder to short.

Three men faced Fuller in the second, two of them fanning. Croissant's fly to left was nabbed, Estry reached first on Rook's error, Denning sacrificed and Workheiser's error of King's grounder scored Estry. King stole second and Fuller cleaned up things with a home run, McCabe's grounder to short retiring the side and the score was three to one in Smethport's favor.

J. Benson opened the third with a two-bagger, took third and home on passed balls. Two more men reached first on misplays but did not score. An error, a steal and a wild pitch put Tull on third, Keefer drew a pass but was caught at home after Daniels was retired, Croissant was passed, Estry got hit and Denning's single and King's home run netted the Champs five runs. Score eight to two.

Neither side scored in the fourth although Tull and Keefer each hit safely, and in the fifth Mt. Jewett was retired in order. Estry's two bagger and Fuller's long single gave the home team one more run in this inning.

In the sixth a pass and two short hits filled the bases for Mt. Jewett but the side was retired without scoring. Keefer started off with a home run, Daniels flied out, Croisant hit safely and stole, Estry got a pass and a passed ball advanced each, and both scored on Dennings hit, King got a life on an error and Denning was doubled at the plate on Fuller's fly to Brown.

A base on balls and three errors scored Slack in the seventh, and this ended the run getting. Score Smethport 12; Mt. Jewett 3.

Following is the tabulated score:

Mt. Jewett	AB	R	H	PO	A	E
Cleveland, c-2b	5	0	0	3	0	0
Workheiser, ss	5	1	0	0	5	2
Slack, 2b-c	3	1	0	4	1	1
E. Benson, 1b	5	0	1	10	0	1
Rook, 3b	4	0	1	0	2	2
Brown, rf	4	0	1	2	1	0
Campbell, cf	4	0	0	2	0	1
Van Slyke, lf	4	0	0	1	0	0
J. Benson, p	4	1	1	2	4	1
Totals	36	3	4	24	13	8

Smethport	AB	R	H	PO	A	E
McCabe, 3b	3	0	0	3	1	5
Tull, ss	5	0	1	1	4	0
Keefer, 1b	3	2	2	8	1	0
Daniels, 2b c	5	0	0	4	2	0
Croissant, c-lf	4	2	1	10	0	2
Estry, lf	3	4	1	0	0	0
Denning, lf	3	1	2	1	0	0
King, rf-2b	4	2	1	0	0	0
Fuller, p	4	1	2	0	0	1
Totals	34	12	10	27	8	8

By innings:

Mt. Jewett	1	0	1	0	0	0	1	0	0	—3
Smethport	0	3	5	0	1	3	0	0	*	—12

Earned runs—Smethport 3.
Home runs—Fuller, King, Keefer.
Two base hits—J. Benson; Estry.
Sacrifice hits—Denning.
Stolen bases—Van Slyke; Tull, Croissant, King.
Double plays—Brown to Slack; Keefer to Croissant.
Struck out—by Benson 2; by Fuller 12.
Base on balls—off Benson 5; off Fuller 2.
Hit by pitcher—Estry, McCabe.
Wild pitch—Benson.
Passed balls—Slack; Croissant 3.
Time of game—1:45.
Umpire—J. L. Morrison.

DERRICK CITY 14; SMETHPORT 4.

The Smethport ball team went to Bradford last Thursday and played a league game with the Derrick City team at the Driving park and were defeated in a loosely played game by the above score.

We did not have a reporter present but from the appearance of the score book and the reports in the Bradford papers it was a comedy of errors so far as the county seat players were concerned and the Drillers did not play a gilt edge game. Smethport had somewhere between 14 and 20 errors and Derrick City had about half that number. Reports differ so greatly that we will not attempt to publish the tabulated score.

Smethport Schools Open.

The public schools opened on last Monday for the year's work with an enrollment of 402. This is the largest enrollment for the beginning of the year. The reason for this increased enrollment is due quite largely to the new tuition law. Now the children residing in school districts in which no public high school is maintained may attend a high school in some other district located near their homes. The law requires that tuition and cost of text books be paid out of the moneys raised by taxation for public school purposes in the district in which said children reside.

The teachers for the year follow: T. T. Allen, principal; Mabel Appleby, Carrie Day, assistants in high school; Emma Tretton, 8th grade; Rose Allen, 7th grade; Frances Campbell, 6th grade; Nellie Masser, 5th grade; Agnes Barry, 4th grade; Anna Barry, 3rd grade; Mabel Foote, 2nd grade; Matilda Eilingsfeld, Ethel Gifford, 1st grade.

Potato crates exchanged in hundred lots for good hay. Holmes & Gilfillan.

LABOR DAY CELEBRATION IN SMETHPORT.

Two Bands, Big Parade, Two Ball Games and Other Sports.

A DAY OF INTERESTING EVENTS.

Smethport's First Celebration of this Day—Come to Smethport Next Monday—Excursion Rates on all Railroads.

That Smethport is to have a first-class celebration of Labor Day next Monday is now a settled fact and everybody within a radius of fifty miles should make preparations to spend the day with us and take part in the day's fun.

The committee in charge, which is composed of the leaders of the local labor unions and some of our business men, have been working diligently to get a good program in shape for the day and their efforts have been awarded with success.

At 10 a. m. there will be a ball game at Kane Field between the Hazelhurst and Mt. Jewett teams. This will be a hot contest because the teams are evenly matched and there is a great deal of rivalry between the two teams. This is to be the deciding game and therefore is to be played on neutral ground.

At 2 o'clock the grand parade will start. It will consist of the borough officials, factory owners and managers in automobiles, two bands, local and nearby labor unions, civic societies and hose companies and it promises to be a very imposing affair.

After the parade will follow the athletic events which will consist of a tug of war, foot races, etc., and if it can be arranged an automobile road race will be pulled off while the other races are being run.

At 4 p. m. the Bolivar and Smethport teams will play a game of ball at Kane Field. These teams have met once before this season, Bolivar winning in a close contest and an interesting game may be expected.

In the evening a ten cent dance will be given in the Lyceum. Good music will be furnished and everybody is invited to come and have a good time.

People from Bolivar and intermediate points along the P., S. & N. can reach here on the excursion train which goes through here at 11:50 a. m. and returns late in the evening. On other roads special rates will be given to parties who wish to come and have the best time of their lives.

A special attraction will be a two hundred yard foot race, start at court house at 1:30 p. m. Purse $5.00. This race is arranged by request of Hazelhurst parties, when Keyser and Andrae, the noted sprinters, will try conclusions. Competition open to all, but not more than six to start. Entries can be made to either foot race up to the time of starting. Make application to A. H. Kidder.

Silas G. Bush, the boy veteran of '05, will be marshal of the parade.

House Blown Up.

Fishing Creek was the scene of an unusual uncanny attempt at murder Friday night when the house of Thomas Yentzer was blown up by dynamite and Yentzer himself narrowly escaped a horrible death. The alleged perpetrator of the deed has been loudly accused by his would-be victim, but in the absence of any warrants no names can be published with any degree of certainty.

It appears that on the night the alleged murder was attempted Yentzer was in his home, unconscious of any impending disaster, so he claims. Hearing a noise outside he stepped out the door, gun in hand.

A second later a tremendous explosion took place and the room Yentzer had just quit was totally demolished. Nearly the entire front of the house was blown to firewood. Yentzer recovered from the shock in time to see a man fleeing down the road. He fired several shots at the reputed assailant, but the man escaped.

A seemingly well-founded rumor has it that there has been bad blood between Yentzer and a married man in that vicinity for some time past and it is thought that the attempt on Friday night was an effort to square accounts between the two men. As far as can be learned no warrants have been sworn out, but it is more than probable that further trouble will ensue.—Port Allegany Argus.

Grangers Take Notice.

McKean County Pomona Grange No. 58 P. of H. and all subordinate Grangers are invited to take part in the Labor Day parade at Smethport, Monday Sept. 4, 1905. Meet at Grange Hall with badges at 1 p. m.

Jas. Quirk, Secretary.

Several good, second-hand buggies and two-seat spring wagons cheap.
Holmes & Gilfillan.

ANCIENT HISTORY.

Happening in McKean County in Days of Old. Taken from the Files.

Our new local contemporary, the McKean County Democrat, made its first appearance on Thursday afternoon, May 22, 1879. It is a large, fine looking sheet, and we are glad to know that in appearance and character it will be a paper that we will not be ashamed to recognize as one of the institutions of the borough and county. We cordially welcome our new neighbor to a seat around the frugal journalistic board of McKean county. The fare is neither plentiful or rich and the table is already getting to be crowded, yet the gang is a cheerful and good-natured one, and will crowd together and make room for one more without grumbling. The Democrat takes the track as one more democratic organ of the county, and we leave it, with our best wishes, to the tender mercies of its able compeers already in the field.

Blindbery.—Near Smethport on Tuesday, May 27, 1879, Mabel, infant daughter of Charles Blindbery.

Our usually quiet borough was thrown into a fever of excitement Wednesday morning (June 4, 1879) by the announcement that Demont Haskill had swallowed an overdose of morphine, and was even then breathing his last. The dreadful fact was first discovered by his father when he went to his room at 7 o'clock in the morning to call him for breakfast. He lay upon the bed, apparently breathing his last, and his features blackened and swollen. His father was half crazed by the sight, as were the other members of the family when they were summoned to the room by his agonizing cries. Drs. Brown and McCoy were immediately called, and the news rapidly spreading, the house was soon filled with sympathizing neighbors and citizens. The doctors at once decided that he was suffering from an overdose of morphine, and were of the impression that there was not the least hope of saving him. But they went to work on him with all the usual appliances and remedies known. They worked at him all the forenoon, with no other result than to keep the faintest spark of life in him, and with but little improvement. In the afternoon he began to show symptoms of recovery, and by evening he was so far recovered as to be considered out of immediate danger. This morning (June 5, 1879) he is able to talk somewhat. For reasons yet unknown he took a large dose of morphine just before retiring the night before. Shortly after taking it he realized what he had done and undertook to throw it up, but could not. Then he lay down and thought he would call for help but was too far gone to articulate. The young man is not yet twenty-one years of age. He is the only son of Mr. William Haskill, late proprietor of the Bennett House, and now one of the firm of Haskill and Gifford. He is a large-hearted, genial and clever young man, the last person that we would suspect of an attempt to take his own life, and it is difficult to believe that he really had any such intentions. He was engaged to be married, and the ceremony was to have been solemnized on the 12th inst.

No words can portray the feelings of the grief-stricken parents during the terrible suspense when his life was hanging in the balance. But the sufferings of yesterday must be in part recompensed by the thankfulness of this morning that the result is so much happier than any one expected. We understand that the young man himself is immeasurably grateful that he made even such a narrow escape from an eternal sleep.

Captain Henry Rogers, a brother of Lucius Rogers of Smethport, McKean county, has been appointed to a clerkship in the Department and assigned to duty in the Pension office. Out of 490 competitors in the examination held for the purpose of filling these clerkships, the Captain won the fifth position. Only four of his competitors succeeded in securing a higher rating, which speaks well for the ability of the representative of Old Pennsylvania in the contest. As the Captain was a gallant and deserving soldier during the war, his many friends in the "wild-cat district" will be pleased to learn that, as of old, he is keeping with the colors and "at the front."—[June, 1879.]

A son of Mr. L. B. Fletcher, who lives near what is known as the "Fletcher well" near the head of Marvin creek, came near losing his life a few days ago in a very singular manner. Prompted by curiosity, he went down to the abandoned derrick, and uncovering the hole bent down his face close to the opening, probably with the hopes of seeing the bottom. He had hardly taken one good smell of the gas when he lost consciousness. He was found by his father and brother about an hour afterwards lying with his face over the hole insensible and apparently dead. They took him out in the air and by dint of vigorous rubbing finally restored him to consciousness. The young man is about seventeen years of age, and will probably never again attempt to gain experience as an oil or gas smeller.

THE McKEAN COUNTY FAIR OCT. 3, 4, 5, 6.

On These Dates Will Our First Annual Fair be Held.

SOME GREAT SPORT IS PROMISED.

Numerous Attractions Already Secured—Track and Buildings are Nearly Finished—Everything Will be First-Class, Too.

The McKean County Fair Association has decided to hold its first annual fair at the new fair grounds in Smethport on Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday and Friday, Oct. 3, 4, 5 and 6. The track and buildings are nearly finished and the officers of the association are making all preparations for a first-class fair. Some of the attractions have already been secured and the committee in charge have the program well under way.

On Tuesday, in company with Robt. W. Hilton, the writer paid a visit to the fair grounds. Mr. Dawson of Wellsville, N. Y., who has charge of the construction, said that he would have everything in readiness for the fair and that the track and buildings would be as good as any in this section.

The grandstand, which is 34x110 feet and has a seating capacity of 1,000, is set on an angle near the first turn in such a manner that spectators cannot only see the finish without raising up in their seats, but can see the races from start to finish without arising. The grandstand is high enough from the ground so that beneath will be two rows of booths for exhibits and stands with a wide passageway in the center.

The stables, which are 500 feet long and 12 feet wide, have fifty stalls and are well made, having good light and ventilation. These are located on the southeast end of the track and form part of the fence line.

The judge's stand will be a two story affair and the second story will be used for a band stand. The ball grounds will be in front of the north end of the grandstand and the only obstruction will be the judge's stand, but it is so located that it will only be in the way of a small portion of the seats.

There will be two main entrances to the grounds. One a short distance beyond the Pennsylvania Railroad tracks and the other near the Nourse farm. In the northeast corner of the grounds is a large space for the special attractions, such as the Ferris wheel, merry-go-round, etc. A picket fence will enclose the home stretch, which is 600 feet long and the balance of the track will be fenced off in the usual manner. The grounds will be enclosed with a high wire fence. All the buildings and board fences will be painted a pure white and when completed will present a very attractive appearance.

The officers of the Association are: R. W. Hilton, president; C. D. Comes, vice president; F. D. Gallup, secretary; B. T. Garlick, assistant secretary; Jas. A. McKean, treasurer; F. L. Sherburne, superintendent. The directors are R. W. Hilton, C. D. Comes, F. D. Gallup, James A. McKean and F. L. Sherburne.

The purses offered for the races and the premiums on stock and produce will be liberal enough to bring out strong competition and everybody is looking forward to a most successful fair this fall.

Morgan-Blumster Nuptials.

A quiet but pretty wedding took place at St. Sabina's church, in Clermont, on Tuesday morning Aug. 22, when Ella E., daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Blumster of Kasson was united in marriage to Mr. James Morgan of Clermont.

The bride was attired in a brown silk traveling suit. She was attended by her sister, Miss Kathryn, who wore a gown of tan and white swiss. Mr. George O'Donell of Clermont acted as best man. After the ceremony, the bridal party and relatives gathered at the New Bayer House where a warm breakfast was served. After partaking of this delightful repast, the happy couple left on the 10:35 train for southern points.

The bride is one of the most popular young ladies of Kasson, and is well known here. The groom has long been a resident of Clermont and this vicinity where he has a host of friends. Mr. and Mrs. Morgan will be at home in Clermont after Sept. 1st, to their friends.

⁂

For Sale.

Lot in business part of town, south side of Main street, 48 feet front and 115 deep, with old house, for sale at a reasonable price. Inquire of Mrs. Laura Taylor.

When preparing for your vacation go to Charles Lemmler for a trunk or traveling bag. His stock is complete and the quality is of the best.

Photographs exhibited at the fair.
Holmes & Gilfillan.

The Puzzle of a Pistol Shot

By HOWARD FIELDING

Copyright, 1905, by Charles W. Hooke.

ROBERT ELDRED was connected with the United States secret service for several years and then resigned in order to begin the practice of law in New York. I met him two or three times while he was in the service and he impressed me very favorably as a man. I believed him to be a clever detective, though I never had the pleasure of working with him upon a case. The chief took a great fancy to him and their friendship did not cease with the close of their professional relations.

When Eldred was shot by some person then unknown in the house where he boarded, on Jersey City heights, a memorandum was found upon him to the effect that the chief should be notified in any event which might reasonably call for such action. A telegram was sent accordingly and it reached the chief at his home in Washington within two hours after the deed.

It was on a Sunday forenoon. I had been at work upon a case in New York and was living in one of the smaller hotels, and there the chief communicated with me immediately by long distance telephone. His information at the time was very meager. He did not know whether Eldred was dead or alive. The telegram contained the words "unconscious and will probably die" and was signed by a doctor named Burrell, though, as I subsequently learned, it was written by a policeman at the doctor's request.

"I can't get Burrell by telephone," said the chief, "though his name is in the book. The instrument is reported 'busy,' but is probably out of order. I understand that Eldred is at the doctor's house. Go over there and report to me as soon as you can."

Within an hour I was at Burrell's house. The doctor himself opened the door, for he had been standing just inside when I rang the bell. He looked at my card, bowed without speaking and by a gesture invited me to follow him up the stairs and to a room where Eldred lay in bed with his head swathed in bandages.

He was a big, handsome fellow, twenty-eight years old, with light hair and blue eyes and the general appearance of the best kind of transplanted English stock. His eyes were wide open, but unseeing. He knew nothing of any helpful presence near him, and if his soul retained an individual consciousness it was shut up in darkness, fighting alone—just hanging on, like a man wrecked in the blackest night and clinging to a fragment of a spar. His face was smooth shaven, and every line that means character was revealed. It disclosed the courage which is an inalienable birthright and a tenacity which is based upon conviction as to the proper conduct of a gentleman and is not contingent upon hope of life or fear of death.

"The wound is in the back of the head," said Burrell. "The bullet has been extracted. We hope for the best."

He glanced across the bed toward another doctor who was leaning forward in a chair and staring at Eldred. The consulting physician nodded without removing his eyes from the patient.

"Why was he brought here?" I asked.

"They tried to call a hospital ambulance by telephone," he replied, "but there's something wrong with the wires up here today, so an intelligent policeman put this young man into an empty express wagon. Meanwhile I had been notified, and I met the improvised ambulance within a rod of my door. There was need of hurry, and so"—

"THERE WAS NEED OF HURRY."

He completed the sentence by a gesture toward the bed.

"What do you think about this affair?" I inquired, and he replied that he had formed no opinion.

"If you want to get the facts as soon as possible," he added, "I advise you to go to the house where the crime was committed. It is only a little way from here." And he gave me the necessary directions.

As I approached a uniformed policeman came out of the house, accompanied by an elderly couple, who took seats on the veranda and stared forlornly at me. The policeman upon sight of my card readily gave me all the information that he had.

"This house belongs to Mrs. Emily Harland," said he. "She lives here with her daughter. These people," indicating the two whom I have mentioned, "are an aunt and uncle of Mrs. Harland. They live just around the corner on the avenue. There's nobody else here now. Mrs. Harland and her daughter are over at Dr. Burrell's."

"Sure about that?"

"Oh, yes."

"How were they dressed?"

He began to give me a detailed good description, but I cut him short. I had seen the women in Dr. Burrell's waiting room. Why had he so carefully shielded them from my questioning?

"The young man is there, too, I believe," said the policeman. And in response to my inquiry he explained that he referred to George Sanborn, fiance of Miss Harland, who had been visiting in the house for a week or more.

"Is this a case of jealousy?" I asked.

"I don't know what it is," said he. "This man Eldred lived in the house; but, according to all accounts, Mrs. Harland and her daughter scarcely knew him."

"Didn't he eat with them?"

"No; he took his meals at restaurants. He goes away early in the morning and gets home late at night. You can know how little he mingles with the family when I tell you that Sanborn has been here more than a week and has seen Eldred only once before this morning and has never spoken to him. I got that from Sanborn and from both the women. I could tell by the way Sanborn talked that he had no feeling in regard to Eldred one way or another. He looked upon him as a stranger."

"Who else lived in the house?"

"Nobody except an old woman, who was the cook, and she'd gone to church when the thing happened."

As to the details of the occurrence, it appeared from the policeman's story that Mr. Sanborn was sitting on the veranda about half past 10 o'clock when he heard a loud sound which seemed to come from within the house. He did not know what it was, but felt an indefinite anxiety. He entered the hall and went through to the kitchen, where he found Mrs. Harland and Emily and asked them whether they had heard anything. They replied that they had and that they thought the noise might have been in Mr. Eldred's room. Mrs. Harland called to him from the lower hall, but he did not answer. Eventually they all three went up and found the young man lying on the floor of a very small room adjoining his bedroom and used by him for writing. It contained only a flat topped table and a chair.

A revolver was lying on the floor of Eldred's chamber. The weapon belonged to the young man himself, as Mrs. Harland had told the officer. She had seen it two or three times while attending to his room.

When I had heard this story I was about to enter the house, but at that moment Mrs. Harland and Emily appeared, accompanied by Dr. Burrell. I perceived that there was some difference of opinion between Emily and the physician. The man seemed to have been urging some course of action, to which the girl would not agree. As for Mrs. Harland, she was obviously distressed and nervous to the last limit of her self control.

I was not long in doubt about the subject of discussion in that little group. At the very earliest opportunity Emily Harland disclosed it to me, though, of course, without a hint that it had been in dispute. The point was that she had not been in the kitchen when Eldred was shot, but, according to her own story, on the roof of the veranda, in the chair which I had noticed. She told me plainly that Mr. Sanborn had misstated the facts in his first account of the occurrence because he believe that Miss Harland would be liable to unjust suspicion if it were known that she was not in view of either himself or Mrs. Harland when the crime was committed.

At this Dr. Burrell came forward with his idea of the affair. He began by scouting the notion that the reporters would do Miss Harland any injustice just because she was not with her mother. To all intents and purposes Mr. Eldred was a stranger to Miss Harland, and—

"I beg your pardon," the girl interrupted in a firm tone. "I do not regard Mr. Eldred as a stranger. I prefer to speak of him as my friend."

"Quite so," said the doctor smoothly. "Mr. Eldred was a very fine fellow, I've no doubt. It is the more obligatory upon us all to clear up the puzzle of this assault."

Then he proceeded to tell me a tale which was truly important and interesting. It appeared that an unknown man enveloped in an atmosphere of mystery had called at the house on Thursday afternoon and had inquired for Mr. Eldred. When informed that he was not at home the man had departed hastily without explaining his errand, but Mrs. Harland, who had responded to his ring on the occasion of his call, had seen him hanging about the house on Friday and Saturday afternoons.

Mrs. Harland, now in tears, supported the doctor's story with her faltering testimony. She added that on one of the rare occasions when she had seen Mr. Eldred he had called her to his room and had shown her a scrap of newspaper bearing several portraits of men. He had asked if she recognized any of the pictures, and she had immediately pointed out one of them.

"That's the man who called to see you yesterday afternoon," she had said. Eldred had seemed disappointed and had asked her to look again at the portraits, but she could recognize no other. This occurred on Friday morning, after she had told Mr. Eldred about the stranger's call.

Mrs. Harland described the visitor as a very handsome dark eyed man of the Italian type, and she mentioned some details of his attire. Suspecting that this person was mythical, I was vastly surprised when the policeman put in his oar to this effect:

"Why, sure. I saw that feller. I saw him around the corner last evening looking up at Eldred's window."

This unquestionable evidence introduced some new theories of this affair. It became necessary to know in what manner this "unknown" could have entered or left the house [illegible] the front step and Mrs. Harland in the kitchen (into which the only rear door of the house opened), there seemed to be an element of difficulty. An assassin would hardly have risked coming in under such circumstances upon the chance of shooting Eldred with his own pistol and escaping unobserved. When, however, I ascended to Mr. Eldred's room the case took on a wholly different aspect, for I discovered that a window of an unoccupied house, separated from the Harlands' by only four feet of space, was open and that there was no trouble at all about crossing from one to another.

"BUT WHO IS THAT?"

It became imperative to send out a general alarm for the dark skinned, handsome stranger, and to aid in the search I tried to secure the piece of newspaper upon which the man's portrait appeared. My theory was that the picture had been published at the time when Eldred broke up a very bad gang of counterfeiters in Philadelphia and that the individual whom we now suspected of this crime had been one of them, released from prison recently perhaps and moved to murder by the thirst for vengeance.

After considerable search among Eldred's documents I found the newspaper clipping in a pocket of the coat which he had worn at the time of the conversation with Mrs. Harland. Without hesitation the lady pointed out to me the likeness which she had identified, and I beheld, with great surprise, the pictured visage of a secret service comrade, named Antonio Donato. He had been Eldred's chief associate in the Philadelphia case.

"Why, there's Mr. Eldred's picture, too!" exclaimed Mrs. Harland. "I did not see that before."

It had stood at the top of the group and had been folded back, doubtless so that the lady should not see it.

"But who is that?" said Emily, taking the paper out of my hand and scrutinizing a snapshot portrait which was less clear than the others.

"It was a man who was mixed up with this case, but was never caught," I replied. "He was known in it as 'Mr. X' and was supposed to be the chemist who made the metal which these counterfeiters used. Eldred got this snapshot of him while shadowing the gang, but he was not seen again."

"How strange!" said Emily. "I thought it looked like Mr. Sanford."

"By the way," I asked, "where is Mr. Sanford?"

"He's gone to New York with one of the police detectives," said Dr. Burrell. "They're going to see if they can find any clew in Mr. Eldred's office."

I asked whether Mr. Eldred had a telephone, and the answer was in the affirmative. Miss Emily happened to know.

I went to a drug store near by and called up the proper number. It was the Jersey City detective who responded. I introduced myself to my professional brother and then asked if Mr. Sanford was with him.

"Yes," he replied.

"Well, hold him," said I. "He's the man. I've got the case all figured out."

"The deuce you have!" said he, or words to that effect.

"The surest thing you know," I responded. "Eldred is in love with Miss Harland and she with him. Then along comes Sanford, whom he has met in Trenton, where she visits regularly, and to whom she is engaged. Eldred spots Sanford as a man who was mixed up in a counterfeiting case in Philadelphia three years ago and threatens to expose him. Sanford denies it. Eldred isn't quite sure, so he sends for his old comrade in arms, Tony Donato, and tells him to hang around the house and make an identification. Sanford is partly 'on' to this game, and he is desperate. He takes a long chance and shoots Eldred, having fixed up a fake with a window of the next house so that it would seem as if somebody had crawled in that way."

"This looks straight," said the detective. "What shall I do?"

"Pinch him," I replied promptly.

He did it upon my responsibility, which he forgot to mention after my story of him had been verified by careful investigation and by Donato's testimony.

Sanford was convicted and is now in prison. Eldred recovered and has married Miss Harland.

Meningitis In Animals.

Veterinary surgeons know, but the general public probably does not, that some animals are as liable to meningitis as are human beings. Goats and horses are the principal sufferers in the dumb creation, and from them the infection may be transmitted to man. In horses the disease is known as "hydrocephalus acutus." Of horses affected with the disease, 78 per cent die, and the remainder have a chronic tendency to relapse.—London Globe.

Still Unemployed.

"Is your son working?" asked the neighbor.

"Not yet," answered Farmer Corntossel.

"Can't he get a job?"

"He ain't satisfied with a job. He wants a position."—Washington Star.

About Time.

Father (of large family)—My dear, isn't it about time you were thinking of getting married? Daughter—Heavens! I haven't thought of anything else for years.—Illustrated Bits.

A COLONIAL WOOING.

HOW MR. JUSTICE SEWALL COURTED THE WIDOW WINTHROP.

Stately, Sedate and Extremely Cautious on Both Sides Was This Lovemaking Affair In Massachusetts In the Seventeenth Century.

As the seventeenth century began to wane into the eighteenth colonial life in America does not grow less curious or interesting in what now seem its extremes of eccentricity, but they begin to grow milder in their manifestation. In Virginia in the eighteenth century it is no longer possible for a layman who has spoken disrespectfully of the minister of his parish to be sentenced to construct a pair of stocks at his own expense and sit in them during the time of service by way of penance. When this happened to Henry Charlton to enforce in him a more decent respect for Rev. Mr. Cotton of Hungar's parish, Va., it was in the first half of the seventeenth century. In the second half of the century, and more especially in the last quarter, this spirit of clerical severity against sin and sinners had reached its climax in the witch mania in New England. In the reaction which followed Justice Samuel Sewall, who had sat on the bench at the Massachusetts witch trials, was at last so overcome by his conscience that on Jan. 14, 1697, "it being a fast day," he attended the meeting house and stood up publicly to hear read the paper in which he confessed himself "sensible of the guilt contracted" by his participation on the bench in the hanging of witches.

This eased a conscience whose tenderness (extraordinary in a seventeenth century lawyer) is perhaps due to his education for the church. He studied at Harvard and after graduating there began the career in the ministry which lasted until not long after he had married a wealthy heiress, the daughter of the "mint master" of Massachusetts. After the event he depended no more on the church, but devoted himself to the law, rising to its highest dignities and yet retaining throughout his lifetime until the ripe age at which he courted the widow Winthrop his fondness for religious meditation, the reading of the Scriptures and good Canary, which make his own account of his courtship of the widow the greatest treasure of the Massachusetts Historical society's library.

His "Son Sewall" being grown to man's estate and settled in the ministry and his "Daughter Sewall" being mature in age, Justice Sewall found them both willing enough that he should pay his court to the widow Winthrop. He being at that time of a portly figure and an agreeable, rounded countenance, with a double chin, as his portraits show, met Madam Winthrop at the house of his "Son Sewall" and told her he was "glad to see her," as he had not seen her in some time. He then gave her a copy of Mr. Home's sermons, but said nothing of matrimony on that occasion. Through the good offices of his "Daughter Sewall" he then informed Madam Winthrop that if she would be "pleased to be within" he would wait on her shortly. She answered that she would expect him. On the "following Saturday," after having dined, he waited on her and "spake to her, saying: 'My loving wife died so soon and suddenly 'twas hardly convenient for me to think of marrying again. However, I have come to the resolution that I will not make my court to any other person without first consulting you.'" After this he had a very pleasant discourse with her, but as there were about seven other persons sitting in the room he made not much progress on that day.

On Oct. 8, when he waited on her again, he was received by "her Daughter Noyes," to whom he said he hoped his suit to her mother was not disagreeable to her. She answered she would not be against what might add to her mother's comfort. When Madam Winthrop came into the room where sat Chaplain Airs, who had hung up his hat "as if he belonged to the house," the justice asked her to favor him with a private consultation. Thereupon, when she spake of going into another room, Chaplain Airs presently left with the others. Then, they two being alone, he prayed that she "might be the person assigned to him." She instantly "took it up by way of denial, as if she had catched at an opportunity to do it." She made some further discourse about unwillingness to leave her children, by which, being discouraged, at that time from warmly urging her, the justice gave her a copy of Willard's "Fountain," with the little print and verses, saying he hoped she would read it. She took the book and put it in her pocket. Thereupon the justice took leave.

On his next meeting with the widow she treated him with a great deal of courtesy and also with wine and marmalade. She told him that Dr. Increase Mather visited her that day in Mr. Hutchinson's coach. He gave her a copy of the News Letter with verses in it and took leave. This was the day after Dr. Cotton Mather's "chimney fell afire so as to interrupt the assembly a. m."

He then "writ a few lines to Madam Winthrop" and sent her Mr. Mayhew's sermons and an account of the Indians of Marthas Vineyard, "thanking her for the unmerited favors" of the wine and marmalade, and asking permission to wait on her again. This note he sent by Deacon Green, who delivered it to Sarah Chickering, the madam's maid, the madam herself not being at home.

At their next meeting he found her "dark and lowering, much changed from what she was before." When at last he got his chair into position close to hers, he asked her leave to draw off her glove, and, she being desirous to know the reason, he told her there was much difference between handling a dead goat and a living lady. He "got off the glove" and asked her to "remove the negative" she had laid upon him. She said she would not, and "enlarged upon it" as she could not leave her house, children, neighbors, etc. Thereupon he "gave her 'Dr. Preston on the Church Marriage and Church Carriage,'" which cost him "sixpence at the sale." She thanked him for Mayhew's sermons. When she talked of Canary wine, he told her that her kisses were better to him than the best Canary. But he made no further progress that night.

The next time he saw her she treated him courteously, but he noticed, with pain, that "she was not in clean linen, as sometimes." She said she did not know whether he could come again or not. On the next visit she was courteous, but took occasion to speak "pretty earnestly" on the question of whether he would keep a coach. He said it would cost at least £100 per annum, while she thought it would not cost more than £40. This night she "spake much against John Winthrop, because of his false heartedness." Then, Mr. Eyre coming in, Justice Sewall gave him Dr. Increase Mather's sermons, and came away somewhat late.

The next occasion Madam Winthrop took the candle and closed the shutters, sat down on the couch and spake something of his need of a wig. This was not to his liking. After some conversation not to the point he asked her if she would be in tomorrow night, and took leave. On the evening of Oct. 27, having made up his mind on the subject of the coach, he told her he could not afford to keep it, and that, as for wearing a periwig, his "best and greatest Friend" had supplied him with hair before he was born. She commended Dr. Preston's sermon on the church marriage and quoted him, saying it was "inconvenient keeping out of a fashion commonly used." Thereafter she gave him a dram of black cherry brandy and also the lump of sugar that was in it. He prayed God to keep her, and came away.

On Nov. 2, midweek, she inquired concerning his estate, as she had heard he had given it all to his children, which he denied. She gave him "a glass or two of Canary," but not her hand to hold.

On Nov. 2, being pressed, she said she could not change her condition and quoted the Apostle Paul, affirming that single life was better than married. After he had argued to the contrary, as if Paul applied his words only to the then "present distress," she said she had not pleasure in such things as formerly. Though he answered that she was the fitter on this account to be his wife and urged her somewhat, he still made no progress and about 10 o'clock came away, saying he "would not further disturb the good order of her house."

On Monday, Nov. 7, he read certain of the Psalms and then called upon Madam Winthrop, giving her some sugared almonds. After their conversation, in which she deferred her favorable answer, she gave him a glass of wine. He said that since he made the more haste with the less speed he would go home, which soon after he did. He did not on this occasion bid her draw off her glove, as sometimes he had done. "I noticed," he adds, "that her dress was not so clean as sometimes it had been. Jehovah jireh!"

On the 1st and 11th of November he enters in his journal, from which all this is faithfully extracted, that he went not to Madam Winthrop's. About the middle of December he records that she "made a treat," inviting others, while he "knew nothing of it, but the same day abode in the council chamber and dined alone upon Kelby's pies and good beer." So he was solaced to the end of his natural life, during which it does not appear that he lost flesh from disappointment in love.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

London's Chimney Sweeps.

On May 1 all the chimney sweeps in London were for years treated to a great feast by the Montagu family of Portman square. The custom originated with Lady Mary Wortley Montagu about the year 1722. This famous English authoress had a son—Edward Wortley Montagu—who is known in history for eccentric life. Having been sent to Westminster school, he ran away three times. On one of these flights he changed clothes with a little chimney sweep and spent a long time with the sweeps as one of their profession. His parents hunted for him all over the country. At last his hiding place was discovered, and he was restored to them. This happened on May 1, and in commemoration of the happy day Lady Montagu every year afterward until her death gave a feast to the sweeps of London. The Montagus continued this custom through all the following generations, and now May 1 has become a general holiday for sweeps.

Coins and the Cross.

The symbol of the cross was associated with the earliest coins in Christendom, and today the crusado is one of the coins of Spain. A cross was cut on Anglo-Saxon and Norman money that it might be readily broken into halves and quarters for giving change, and when cut coins were abolished money continued to be marked on one side with the cross, like our modern florin. In this way it became common in the sixteenth century to say, "He hasn't a cross," as we say, "He hasn't a penny." Shakespeare frequently uses it in this sense, and Massinger played on the double meaning of the word: "The devil sleeps in my pocket. I have no cross to drive him from it."—London Express.

Have a Purpose.

Have a purpose in life and stick to it. Be sure you're right, that the purpose is worth your effort, that to win is just the thing, and then stick. Live plain, be honest and work hard. Steady work and plain food will keep a man in the path of rectitude when sermons fail and contribute not a little to his success. The brain cannot do its best work when sprinkled with the ashes of a dissolute, ill directed life. Be sure you're right, then stick.—Dr. Abbott.

Cheaper.

Nodd—I thought you were going to get up a fair to pay off your church debt. Todd—We were, but the congregation heard of it and made up the amount at once.

DR. KENNEDY'S
FAVORITE REMEDY
Breaks no Hearts, Excuses no Crimes.

Dr. David Kennedy's FAVORITE REMEDY is not a disguised enemy of the human race; where it cannot help, it does not harm. It is composed of vegetable ingredients and does not heat or inflame the blood but cools and purifies it. In all cases of Kidney troubles, Liver complaints, Constipation of the Bowels, and the delicate derangements which afflict women, the action of Dr. Kennedy's FAVORITE REMEDY is beyond praise. Thousands of grateful people voluntarily testify to this, in letters to Dr. Kennedy; and with a warmth and fullness of words which mere business certificates never possess. It makes no drunkards—excuses no crimes—breaks no hearts. In its coming there is hope, and in its wings there is healing. We challenge a trial and are confident of the result. Your druggist has it. ONE DOLLAR a Bottle. Bear in mind the name and address: Dr. David KENNEDY, Rondout, New York.

Spring and Summer Styles
in Millinery are pretty and the best at reasonable prices are to be found at our store.
PATTERN HATS
and
DOMESTICS
In fact everything to please the ladies is shown. Give us a call.
Carrie Reilly Clark & Co.
REILLY BLOCK, SMETHPORT.

Rooney's is the Place
to buy a nice sweet piece of
Fresh, Salt or Smoked
MEAT
whether it be a full quarter or a small steak. And for
Fruit and Vegetables
I am always headquarters.
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UNDERTAKING
AND
EMBALMING
IN ALL BRANCHES PROMPTLY ATTENDED TO BY AN EXPERIENCED FUNERAL DIRECTOR
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LIVERY & FEED STABLE
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First Class Rigs at Reasonable Prices.
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SMETHPORT, PA.

ACME MILL,
GREEN BROS., Props.
MY STOCK IS FRESH
AND CONSISTS OF
Flour, Feed, Meal, Wheat, Corn, Oats, Hay, Straw, Bran, Middlings, Hominy, Linseed Meal, Etc.
Goods Sold for Cash only and Delivered Promptly.
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A. T. Palmer
LIVERY, FEED & SALE STABLES.
FOR SALE,
Horses, Carriages, Wagons, Harness, Etc. Cutters and Robes.
Smethport - Penn.
March 8, 1906.

Absolutely Harmless. Cures on the Spot.
BROMO-PEPSIN
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CURES Headache, Sleeplessness, Indigestion and Nervousness.
All Druggists, 10c, 25c and 50c.

Armstrong's Reliable Jewelry Store

Is, as ever, headquarters for everything in the line of

Standard Jewelry.

If you wish to be ON TIME buy your

Watch or Clock

at this reliable establishment. Prices are right.

Stock is Complete,

Goods are the Best, therefore your patronage is solicited.

M. L. ARMSTRONG,

Main Street, Smethport, Pa

HORSESHOEING.

Having opened a general blacksmith shop in what is known as the Mullin Building, at the corner of Water and Franklin Streets, I am now prepared to attend to the business in my line in a careful and workmanlike manner.

C. J. VANBLAD.

WELCOME WORDS TO WOMEN.

Women who suffer with disorders peculiar to their sex should write to Dr. Pierce and receive free the advice of a physician of over forty years' experience—a skilled and *successful* specialist in the diseases of women. Every letter has the most careful consideration and is regarded as *sacredly* confidential. Many sensitively modest women write fully to Dr. Pierce what they would shrink from telling to their local physician. The local physician is pretty sure to say that he cannot do anything without "an examination." Dr. Pierce holds that these distasteful examinations are generally needless, and that no woman, except in rare cases, should submit to them.

Dr. Pierce's treatment cures in the privacy of your home. His "Favorite Prescription" has cured hundreds of thousands of bad cases. It is the only medicine of its kind that is the product of a regularly graduated physician. Some unscrupulous medicine dealers may offer you a substitute. Don't take it. Don't trifle with your health. Write to Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y.—take his advice and be well.

Mrs. R. D. Monfort, of Lebanon, Warren Co., O., writes: "I have received the 'Medical Adviser.' A crisp, new five dollar bill could not tempt me to part with it."

On receipt of 21 one-cent stamps, to pay cost of mailing *only*, we will send to any address a paper-bound copy of Dr. Pierce's great 1000-page book, "The Common Sense Medical Adviser." Or, for 31 stamps the same in cloth binding. Address Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y.

Pierce's Pleasant Pellets The Original LITTLE LIVER PILLS, first put up by old Dr. R. V. Pierce over 40 years *ago*. **Much imitated, but never equaled.** Little pill, Little dose, but give great results in a curative way in all derangements of Stomach, Liver and Bowels.

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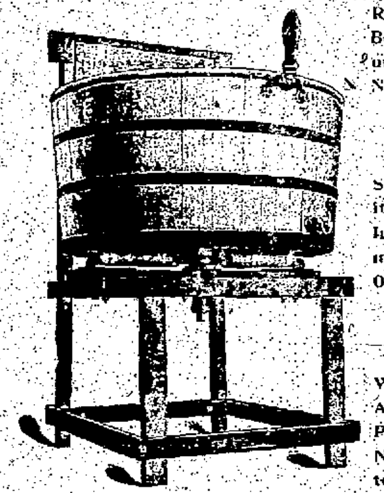

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Simplicity Itself. Absolutely Nothing to Get Out of Order.

Wringer is Always in Place. It is Not Necessary to Detach.

Call and examine.

JOHN C. HAMLIN

McKean County Miner

Smethport, Thursday, Aug. 31, 1905.

LOCAL AND GENERAL

—Read the new ad of J. Colegrove in this issue.

—Do not overlook the new ad. of Holmes & Gilfillan in this issue.

—Helen, the little daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Haley of East Main street, is seriously ill.

—Efforts are being made by the enterprising people of Kane to locate a razor factory at that place.

—Sept. 7th is the last day for registration of voters and in order to vote at the next election taxes must be paid by Saturday, October 7th.

—One of the new advertisements this week is that of The Lindholm Co. This firm are now recieving their large stock of fall goods and it will pay you to read their ad.

—The Altoona police arrested a beggar in the streets the other day and investigation brought out the fact that the man had a $60,000 bank account and a handsome home in Pittston which he had acquired through begging.

—At the Port Allegany Brick works on Saturday occurred a costly accident. A drying rack containing 31,000 brick just from the moulds broke down. The brick will be almost a total loss and will cause a delay in the operation of the plant by a shortage of dry forms.—Argus.

—The Monday morning train for Smethport on the Shawmut, spread the rails a short distance south of town and put the passenger coach in the ditch. Fortunately an embankment prevented the cars from rolling down the side of the mountain, which would likely have resulted in the serious injury of at least some of the passengers. As it was a little girl was injured slightly.—Mt. Jewett Herald.

—After thirty-one years of active service on the Warren Mail, Willis Cowan has sold his interest to Dwight Cowan and Enos Drum. The Mail recently rounded out its fifty-seventh year of existence, being founded in 1848 by E. Cowan and upon his death the Cowan brothers took the management. During all these years the Mail has been a bright, newsy publication and the new proprietors have the well wishes of the MINER and hope that it will remain a figure in the newspaper world of this vicinity for years to come.

Patiently Wait For Her.

A Missouri contemporary rises to remark: "Once I was young, but now I am old, and I have never seen a girl that was unfaithful to her mother that ever came to be worth a one eyed button to her husband. It is the law of God. It isn't exactly in the Bible, but it is written large and awful in the miserable lives of many unfit homes. I'm speaking for the boys this time. If one of you chaps comes across a girl that, with a face full of roses, says to you as she comes to the door, 'I can't go for thirty minutes, for the dishes are not washed yet,' you wait for that girl. You sit right down and wait for her, because some other fellow may come along and carry her off, and right there you lose an angel. Wait for that girl and stick to her like a bur to a woolly dog."—Kansas City Journal.

Curious Bird Habits.

It is a well known fact that if the young of almost any kind of bird are taken from the nest before they can fly the old birds will feed them attentively if the cage in which the little birds are inclosed is placed somewhere where the parents will reach it, and a popular but erroneous belief is current that they do this for a time, and end by poisoning the young ones. This, however, is a mistake, the fact being that at a certain stage of a young bird's existence, when it is naturally able to begin catering for itself, the parent birds also quite naturally cease to attend it, and then, if the birdlings are still in the cage and their [illegible] of placing food at their disposal they [illegible] not from poison administered by the parents, but from starvation.

The Storthing.

Norway's legislative body is known as the Storthing, which means the "great thing" and should be pronounced to rhyme with "courting." The second part of the word is identical with the English word "thing," as the Scandinavian languages, in common with Anglo-Saxon, have the same word for "thing" and "council." In modern English a trace of the second sense survives in the word "hustings," which came to mean the public platform upon which a candidate appeared at election time, though originally the "husting" was the council at which the candidate was elected, the "house-thing" or house council.

Love.

"What is love?" asked the sweet girl, who was looking for a chance to leap.

"Love," replied the old bachelor, "is a kind of insanity that makes a man call a 200 pound female his little turtle dove."

Day Dreaming.

It is much easier to fancy what we should like to have, what position we should like to fill and how we should act if different circumstances surrounded us than it is to put forth the efforts and self denial necessary to make such attainments. A proportion of life is consumed in this manner. This habit is justly called day dreaming, for as in sleep the brain, deprived of the power of will *to direct it*, weaves cobwebs that the first breath of consciousness dispels, so in this listless condition the mind, uncontrolled and unguided, brings forth specious fallacies that reason, when fully aroused, will utterly dissipate. These day dreams are sometimes defended on the ground that if useless they are *at least harmless*; that if they confer no benefit they inflict no injury. This, however, cannot be the case. Nothing occupies so neutral a position. Uselessness is of itself an injury, but besides this habit of idle reverie produces positive evils. Valuable time is wasted, energy is frittered away, the mind is enfeebled, the activities are discouraged, the present active life is rendered tame and insipid.

Mistakes Attract Attention.

The average person takes pleasure in calling attention to errors in spelling or grammar in signs. The mistakes furnish them a temptation to display their knowledge that is hard to resist. "Every now and then," said a local haberdasher, "I fix up a window sign with a misspelled word or an error in grammar in it. Dozens of people drop in to tell me where it's wrong. Of course I act surprised and thank them. Then the chances are I sell them something." At a Kansas City theater there used to be an advertising curtain which bore the word "versus" spelled "verses." The word attracted more comment than many of the acts did. It made people talk about the theater, and in the theatrical business to get the public to talking about things is the first step toward money making. So many people began to bother the house manager about the misspelled word, however, that he finally had to have it changed.—Kansas City Times.

"Weak Hearts."

It is a harmful thing for any one to *coddle* his heart when there is no disease, and I think we (the medical profession) are far too instrumental in aiding and abetting this. We do far more good by pronouncing people sound, even if out of health, and thus sending them forth with renewed hope than by keeping them in the chains of uncertainty and nervous dread, than which nothing can be more crushing to the utility of a life or more harmful to the chance of *regaining health*.

"I know of no symptoms of a "weak heart." Yet the use of the term leads either to a state of nervous dread from which recovery is most difficult or else to a life of luxurious idleness, which, by the enervation it causes, is likely sooner or later to be precedent to the end it would seek to avoid.—Dr. James Goodheart of London.

The Crucifix In the Banana.

The increasing popularity of the banana in this country recalls a curious reference to the fruit to be found in an old volume entitled "The Glasse of Time In the First Age," divinely handled by Thomas Peyton (1620). In the eighty-first stanza occurs the following:

> A cucumber much like it is in shew,
> Of pleasing taste and sweet delightful hue;
> If with a knife the fruit in two you reave,
> A perfect cross you shall therein perceive.

In the Canary islands and in Brazil it was regarded as an *affront* to the Saviour to cut the banana with a knife, as it revealed the crucifix. But in order to see this clearly it is necessary to cut the fruit when it first commences to ripen or, if ripe, immediately after it is taken from the plant.—London Standard.

Rats.

A plan that will sometimes destroy a large number of rats is to fill a barrel partly full of water and cover it with an inch or so of meal. A hole is bored in the barrel a little above the meal, and the rats enter, sink through the meal and find a watery grave. In catching rats in steel traps great care is required to deceive the rodents. Traps need to be well covered and everything done to avoid raising the suspicions of the "varmints." Often when rats refuse to eat poisoned bread and butter they may be baited with poisoned crackers, cheese or meat. Rats are shy and gritty creatures, but it is possible to "make game of them."

He Knew Ten Digits.

A curi[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible] long slender [illegible] the most beautiful hands in the world. I think Irish eyes are also the most beautiful. American girls' hands come next. English girls have red, coarse hands; the German girl has broad, flat hands, and the Spanish hand is full of big veins."

Optimistic.

"Billy Pilven asked Miss Parseigh how old she was," said one girl to another.

"Did she get angry?"

"No. She was flattered. She thought she must look very young or he'd never have dared."

Accepted the Inevitable.

She—My horse was quite difficult to manage at first, but he isn't now.

Papa—Well, he isn't the only one that has found out that he might as well let you have your own way.

The Case of Adam and Eve.

"In a certain church in Colorado Springs," said an Oregon clergyman, "there used to be a queer old, crusty character, a Scot who was noted for his profound knowledge of the Scriptures. I lectured in that church one evening, and after the lecture the Scot and I and some few others fell into conversation.

"I was urged to put the old man's Scriptural knowledge to the test. I was urged to question him and to let him question me. He would get the better of me—that, every one said, was certain—but I had my doubts and, turning to the Scot, said confidently:

"'I will try you, my friend, with the grand, leading, insurmountable question, How long did Adam remain in a state of innocence?'

"The Scot answered:

"'Till he got a wife.'

"Then, with a grim chuckle, he went on:

"'But can you tell me, sir, how long he remained after?'"

Ringer and Wind.

Making a ringer in the pitching of quoits must have been a part of the training which made the English longbowmen so terrible in siege that by gauging the distance and taking the lay of the wind they could send up a deadly volley at the exact angle to drop their arrows with destructive force into the heart of a beleaguered city. Getting the lay of the wind is the first thing to be learned in the noble art of pitching horseshoes. If the wind be contrary, the nicest calculations as to everything else will be in vain. It is only a supreme master of the game, a dazzling genius in its mathematics, who can play against the wind—that is to say, one who, if the wind be from the east, can, by throwing at exactly that degree of an oblique angle needed to make it meet the wind full at the point opposite the goal, may hope to have it carried to the right spot.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Exact Obedience.

Native servants in India have the generally desirable, though sometimes inconvenient, virtue of the Chinese—doing exactly as they are told. The trouble is that they seldom use judgment.

Lord Roberts during a campaign in India had ordered his man to prepare his bath at a certain hour. One day a fierce engagement was going on, but the servant made his way through a storm of bullets and appeared at his commander's side.

"Sahib," said he, "your bath is ready."

Even a better story comes from an unknown soldier who was awakened one morning by feeling the servant of a brother officer pulling at his foot.

"Sahib," whispered the man, "sahib, what am I to do? My master told me to wake him at half past 6, but he did not go to bed till 7."

Bathers Who Sleep Floating.

"To fall asleep floating on the waves is not an impossibility," said an Atlantic City life guard. "On the sun warmed billows on an August afternoon I once floated off to sleep, and when I awoke I was nearly half a mile out at sea. I know a Camden man who often takes a floating nap off Chelsea.

"A good many people can't float even though they can swim. They can't float because they keep the line of the body, from head to heels, stiff and straight. The line should be kept curved a little—it should resemble a very broad V—and all the muscles should be loose, relaxed. It is easy to float. I have taught many children of six and seven years to do it."—Philadelphia Bulletin.

Branding Criminals.

Until the end of the eighteenth century the prisoners' dock in most important English law courts was furnished with an iron upright and collar fixed in front of the person who was being tried. If a conviction followed and the judge elected to include a degree of branding in the sentence that portion of it was carried out upon the spot. The criminal's hand was put through the collar, which was effectually screwed round the wrist and the necessary branding irons having been previously heated in the courthouse fire, was forthwith marked upon the thumb with the letters which the judge directed to be burned upon it.

One Way to Win Sleep.

A writer in a medical journal suggests a new way of juggling with insomnia. His sleep inducer is a chain of magic words so associated in sound or meaning that each suggests the next subsequent—for instance, i. e., slippery, smooth, [illegible] "human," tongue, etc. When sleepless recite the list mentally. This is said to be a sure cure. It keeps the mind from rambling from subject to subject, as the mind tends to do in sleeplessness.

The Undesirable Simple Life.

Choose [illegible] life if your [illegible] simplicity is a less simple state [illegible] into struggle with unessential details with the effort to get hold of something which is of no matter.—London Outlook.

To Break It Gently.

Mike had been appointed a committee of one to break the sad news to the widow.

"Here," said Pat, "where are yez goin'?"

"To the tilegraph office. I'll sind her a dispatch, and whin she gets it she'll faint and the turrable shock'll be painless."—Chicago Record-Herald.

A Theory.

"Why don't sailors say 'right' and 'left' instead of starboard and larboard?"

"Oh, I don't know. I suppose they'd hate to make things too easy for landlubbers."

It is a fine thing to know when to let go. Many a man holds on too long. It is better to jump overboard than to go down with the sinking ship.

Jumping.

Jumping to the ground from a height, jumping from the ground over a height and long jumping may be either harmless or highly injurious, according to the way in which one alights. The human brain cannot stand jars. When it receives them it is injured, although the injury may not be felt for years. Headache, giddiness, sleeplessness, neuralgia and a whole host of other departures from health may be set up by jarring the brain. In jumping the great danger is not to the legs. The part chiefly risked is the head. When the feet touch the ground the shock passes up the limbs and spinal column, the parts above serving as buffers and so preventing the parts below being thrown too greatly in the upward direction. But the head has nothing above it; hence the shock may dislocate the neck or fracture the skull. One should always alight on the toes and with the legs slightly bent. This position greatly helps to prevent jarring.

The American Woman's Home.

Hundreds of thousands of American women are born, live their lives and die in boarding houses or hotels without ever finding time to create a home for themselves or without even feeling a desire to do so.—House Beautiful.

A Sign of Economy.

The Old Man—H'm! Is he a saving and economical young man? The Sweet Young Thing—Indeed he is, papa. Why, he trims his cuffs!

"DO IT TO-DAY!"

"And to think that ten months ago I looked like this! I owe it to German Syrup."

¶The time-worn injunction, "Never put off 'til to-morrow what you can do to-day," is now generally presented in this form: "Do it to-day!" That is the terse advice we want to give you about that hacking cough or demoralizing cold with which you have been struggling for several days, perhaps weeks. ¶Take some reliable remedy for it TO-DAY—and let that remedy be Dr. Boschee's German Syrup, which has been in use for over thirty-five years. A few doses of it will undoubtedly relieve your cough or cold, and its continued use for a few days will cure you completely. ¶No matter how deep-seated your cough, even if dread consumption has attacked your lungs, German Syrup will surely effect a cure—as it has done before in thousands of apparently hopeless cases of lung trouble. ¶New trial bottles, 25c; regular size, 75c. At all druggists.

For sale by H. C. Wells

L. K. Hogarth

PURE DRUGS AND MEDICINES.

RUBBER GOODS

SICK ROOM FURNISHINGS

Prescriptions accurately compounded.

LEATHER GOODS

JEWELRY

CUT GLASS

HAND PAINTED CHINA

STATIONERY

PERFUMES

We carry in stock all the latest

MAGAZINES AND PERIODICALS.

Our business is bigger and better this year than ever and we can please you both in quality and price.

Oldest drug store in the county—Established 1865.

L. K. Hogarth,

Leading Druggist.

Opp. Court House, SMETHPORT.

"Show Me"

These are the days when statements must be proven. We want to prove this statement

We can please you in the Tea and Coffee line.

Chase & Sanborn's Celebrated Coffees

18c, 20c, 25c and 35c per lb.

2 lb. sealed cans 75c.

White House Coffee per lb. 35c.

Tetley's Teas

India and Ceylon, ½ lb. pkg. 35c.

" " " " 30c.

Black Salada, ½ lb. pkg. 25c.

Uncolored Japan and Gunpowder per lb. 50c.

Green Tea and Nibs, per lb. 40c.

Tea Dust, 2 lbs. for 25c.

Give these a trial.

J. COLEGROVE,

SMETHORT, PA.

Next to Bank.

It Will Cost Only One Cent.

to buy a postal card and send to the New York Tribune Farmer, New York City, for a free specimen copy.

The New York Tribune Farmer is a National Illustrated Agricultural Weekly for farmers and their families and every issue contains matter instructive and entertaining to every member of the family. The price is $1 per year, but if you like it you can secure it with your own favorite local newspaper, THE MINER, Smethport, at a bargain. Both papers one year only $1.25.

Send your order and money to

THE McKEAN COUNTY MINER, Smethport.

Special Bargain Sale

FRIDAY and SATURDAY on

Ladies' and Misses' White and Colored Wash Shirt Waist Suits and Skirts.

Also a good assortment of ladies' walking skirts, all colors, at special cut prices FRIDAY and SATURDAY. Trimmed and untrimmed hats are now going at cost. Don't miss this sale.

MRS. A. E. HINMAN

JUST A WORD

—WE CARRY—

FURNITURE AND CARPETS

In a large assortment and can please all customers.

SPECHT & SASSE, Smethport, Pa.

Brasted's ICE CREAM AND SODA WITH CRUSHED FRUITS CAN NOW BE HAD.

McKean County Miner

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY.

TERMS:—$1.25 per year, or if paid strictly in advance, $1.00 per year.

ADVERTISING RATES.

Display advertisements published at the rate of $100 per column per annum, payable monthly. Our own position and no deviation from this rule. Extra charge for single insertion.

Reading notices, five cents per line for each insertion.

Legal advertisements, five cents per line for each insertion.

Cards, not exceeding one inch, $5.00 per annum.

Birth, marriage and death notices inserted free.

Executors' and administrators' notices, $3.00 each.

Address all communications to
HARRY L. BACKUS,
Editor and Prop'r.

Smethport, Thursday, Aug. 31, 1905.

Republican Ticket.

STATE.

For State Treasurer,
J. LEE PLUMMER,
of Hollidaysburg.

For Superior Court Judges,
CHARLES E. RICE,
of Wilkesbarre;
GEORGE B. ORLADY,
of Huntingdon;
JAMES A. BEAVER,
of Bellefonte.

COUNTY.

FOR SHERIFF,
GEORGE W. MITCHELL.

FOR PROTHONOTARY,
SAMUEL E. BELL.

FOR RECORDER,
H. M. CHOATE.

FOR REGISTER,
J. B. EASTMAN.

FOR DISTRICT ATTORNEY,
GUY B. MAYO.

FOR CLERK OF COURTS,
W. H. MORRISON.

FOR COUNTY COMMISSIONERS,
GEORGE GRIFFITHS,
J. A. PETERSON.

FOR COUNTY AUDITORS,
OSCAR ENGSTROM,
C. W. FREEMAN.

PORTSMOUTH was shocked by earthquakes yesterday. No serious damage was done.

As yet there is no noticable decrease in the yellow fever cases in the south despite the efforts to subdue the terrible disease.

A TORNADO struck the northern part of Carbondale last night, destroying a score of houses and barns, but fortunately no lives were lost.

GOV. PENNYPACKER is so happy down at his Schwenksville farm that he is going to remain there until the middle of September. When he retires there to stay for good the whole State will be happy, too.

MR. ROOSEVELT is the man who, before election, was spoken of by his critics as a dangerous, warlike individual, whose alleged big stick was always ready for a fight. Now he is recognized as the greatest peace promoter of the times.—Bradford Era.

COMPLIMENTARY votes for a friend who had no chance of election has often defeated the peoples' real choice and put in office a candidate of the minority party who was not the choice of the majority. Therefore be careful about promising some good fellow, who has no chance of election, a complimentary vote because you think your Republican candidate has a sure thing. Some good men were nominated on the Prohibition ticket but their Republican friends will only be helping the Democrats by giving them a complimentary vote.

THE long and bloody war between Japan and Russia is ended. The terms of peace were settled by Mr. Witte and Baron Komura at the session of the Portsmouth conference Tuesday morning, and this afternoon preliminary arrangements for an armistice were concluded and the actual work of framing the "Treaty of Portsmouth" was, by mutual agreement turned over to Mr. De Martens, Russia's great international lawyer, and Mr. Dennison, who, for 25 years has acted as legal adviser of the Japanese foreign offices. The treaty is expected to be completed by the end of the week.

This happy conclusion of the conference, which a week ago would have been shipwrecked had it not been for the heroic intercession of President Roosevelt, was sudden and dramatic. For the sake of peace, Japan, with the magnanimity of a victor, at the last moment, yielded everything still in issue. Russia refused to budge from the ultimatum Emperor Nicholas had given to President Roosevelt through Ambassador Meyer. No indemnity under any guise, but an agreement to divide Sakhalin and reimburse Japan for the maintenance of the Russian prisoners were his last words. They had been repeatedly reiterated in Mr. Witte's instructions and in the form of a written reply to the Japanese compromise proposal of last Wednesday, they were delivered to Baron Komura this morning.

Before leaving the conference building, felicitations were exchanged with the President at Oyster Bay. Both Baron Komura and Mr. Witte telegraphed. The former confined himself to apprising Mr. Roosevelt of the ends upon which peace had been concluded. Mr. Witte frankly laid his tribute at the President's feet. In his message he said: "History will ascribe to you the glory," and added the expression of Russia's hearty appreciation of the President's "generous initiative."

Mr. Roosevelt replied with words of *thanks and congratulation.*

New Oil Boom at Warren.

Residents of Warren, especially those living on the East Side, are having an oil boom that is not only creating excitement but is also peculiar. Several days ago people living on the flats in that part of the city began finding oil in their drinking water. The oil did not come in very large quantities, but Chas. Haggstrom drove a well and began pumping the greasy fluid with a common water pump and up to date he has got in the neighborhood of 300 barrels. Since Mr. Haggstrom began operations others have got into the speculative mood and now nearly every foot of ground in the immediate neighborhood is being tested. Scores of dry holes have been struck, but others are more fortunate and are pumping from one to five barrels per hour.

The refineries are paying $1.47 per barrel and great excitement is prevalent. The peculiar part of it all lies in the fact that the wells are only drilled down from 15 to 18 feet when the "pay streak" is found.

Opinions differ as to the source of the oil. Some are inclined to think that a pool has been formed there from the constant seepage and drainage from the pipe lines and refineries during the past fifteen years and others believe that the pool is a natural one, the same as was the case in the Titusville and Bradford fields in the days gone by. In both of these fields the shallow oil wells did not last long and this will probably be the case at Warren. It is possible that both surmises are correct for the oil varies in gravity. Some lots of the oil received at one refinery tested 47 and 48 and others tested as low as 43. Crude oil is 44 gravity. The color also varies, sometimes it is green and at other times of an amber shade. At any rate the oil is there—it is coming up and the fortunate owners are reaping a harvest.

Named For His Satanic Majesty.

The unfortunate disaster by which a life has been lost on the Welsh mountain known as the Devil's Kitchen has drawn attention, says the Dundee Advertiser, to the curious but seemingly universal practice of past times in naming peculiar natural formations after his Satanic majesty. It is scarcely an exaggeration to say that hardly a county in the British Isles is without some place or thing with the designation Devil, all of which prompts the thought that his Satanic majesty must be a holder of a considerable amount of property on this terrestrial globe. The Devil's Punch Bowl, the Devil's Bellows, the Devil's Beef Tub, the Devil's Frying Pan, the Devil's Lake, the Devil's Dike, the Devil's Caldron, are a few instances which occur at random, scattered about in various parts of the country.

Made Red Hair Fashionable.

The French painter who won attention for his red headed girls cannot be classed among the great masters, but he made red hair fashionable and is said to have been responsible for the peroxide blond. Not until Henner introduced his sweetly brown and red women to the art world did pink and white beauty find it was insipid to be fair. Red heads extinguished the blond cendree, and even the dark haired "washed" their locks until they were of the desired Henner colorings and acquired "tones" that were so warm they improved the dullest skin. Henner's pictures may be said to have apotheosized the much derided "carrot head." He saw red and made it "heavenly brown."

The Mustache.

The home of the mustache is in Spain, and here is the history of its origin: After the Moors first invaded the country the Christian and Moslem population became so mixed that it was difficult to say which were Moors and which Spaniards. The Spaniards then hit upon a means by which they could at once distinguish their brethren. They did not shave their lips any longer and they allowed a tuft of hair to grow below their under lips, so that their beards formed the rude outline of a cross. Thus the mustache became a symbol of liberty and fraternity.

Scarlet Fever.

An English physician declares that it is better to keep scarlet fever patients at home, where the germs die out gradually in the fresh air, than to send them to a hospital, where they are in the midst of dozens of other cases in all stages of the disease. On their return to school the germs are called into activity by the foul air in the room, and the disease is spread to others by coughing, etc.

No Show.

Magistrate—How comes it that you dared to break into this gentleman's house in the dead of night? Prisoner—Why, your honor, the other time you reproached me for stealing in broad daylight. Ain't I to be allowed to work at all?"

A Suspicious Agreement.

"I guess your watch is wrong."

"What! My watch doesn't vary a quarter of a minute."

"Well, I don't know how much it's out of the way, but your time is too blamed near mine to be right."

Harvest Excursion.

On Monday, Sept. 4th, the P., S. & N. R. R. will run an excursion from Hornellsville and intermediate points to St. Marys and return. Train leaves Smethport at 11:47 a. m. Fare for the round trip 75c.

Excursion to Toronto, Can.

By Buffalo, Rochester & Pittsburg Ry., Tuesday, Sept. 5th. Train leaves Newton at 8:30 a. m. Round trip tickets good five days, also for stop-over at Niagara Falls, only $3.00.

Subscribe for the MINER.

Reduced Rates to Denver.

On account of the National Encampment, Grand Army of the Republic, at Denver, Col., September 4 to 7, the Pennsylvania Railroad Company will sell round-trip tickets to Denver, Colorado Springs or Pueblo, August 29, 30, 31, September 1, 2 and 3 at reduced rates. Tickets will be good returning to reach original starting point not later that September 15 when properly validated by Joint Agent at either of the above mentioned places. Deposit of ticket with Joint Agent and payment of fifty cents will secure extention of return limit to October 10.

For specific rates, routes, stop-over privileges and further information, consult nearest ticket agent.

G. A. R. National Encampment.

Only $16.50 for the round trip from St. Louis to Denver, Colo. Proportionally low rates from all eastern points. Tickets on sale from Aug. 30th to Sept. 4th, and good on all regular trains. Standard Pullman and Tourist Sleeping cars. Write for itinerary and information concerning special trains for this occasion. Jno. R. James, Central Passenger Agent, No. Pac. Ry., 315 Bessemer Bldg., Pittsburg, Pa.

Notice to Advertisers.

All advertisers should remember that changes of advertisements must reach this office not later than 1 p. m. on Tuesday in order to appear in the following issue of the MINER. We must strictly enforce this rule so it would be well to paste this where the "ad man" can see it.

Shrine Watch Charm Lost.

The Crescent and Star to a Mystic Shrine watch charm, initials "H. L. B." engraved on back, was lost last evening either in Bradford or the train returning to Smethport. Finder will be liberally rewarded by returning to the MINER office.

The Great Toronto Fair.

Aug. 29-Sept. 9. Special excursion by Buffalo, Rochester & Pittsburg Ry. Tuesday, Sept. 5th. Train leaves Newton at 8:30 a. m. Round trip tickets, good five days, also for stop-over at Niagara Falls, only $3.00.

There is only one medicinal whiskey sold in Smethport. Ask for O. F. C. at Hotel Imperial.

Notice of Intended Application for the Transfer of Hotel License.

Notice is hereby given that application will be made to the Judge of the Court of Quarter Sessions of McKean County, at Chambers, at Smethport, Pa., on Saturday, September 9, 1905, at 10 o'clock a. m., for the transfer of a hotel license, dated May 15, 1905, and granted May 8, 1905, to M. A. Quinn to keep the "Davis House" at the Village of Mount Alton, Lafayette Township, in said county, to W. H. McQueeney and John J. McQueeney, whose place of residence is Mount Alton aforesaid, the occupation of W. H. McQueeney being an oil well pumper and that of John J. McQueeney being a bar-tender.

JOHN N. APPLE.
Atty. for W. H. and John J. McQueeney.
Smethport, Pa., August 30, 1905.

Notice of Intended Application for the Transfer of Hotel License.

Notice is hereby given that application will be made to the Judge of the Court of Quarter Sessions of McKean county, at chambers, at the court house at Smethport, in said county, on Friday, September 1, 1905, at 9 o'clock a. m., for the transfer of a hotel license dated May 15, 1905, granted to E. W. Long to keep the Commercial Hotel on the corner of Main and Gallup streets, in the Borough of Mount Jewett, McKean County, Pennsylvania, to A. L. Colegrove, whose place of residence is Smethport in said county, whose occupation is that of a clerk.

JOHN N. APPLE.
Atty. for A. L. Colegrove.
Smethport, Pa., Aug. 1, 1905.

Westbrook
Academy,
Olean, N. Y.

Twenty-fourth year will begin September 5. Business, Shorthand, Typewriting and English courses.

Catalogue and photo of '04-05 class (100 students) mailed free. Address above.

Perhaps you were Right ——

in waiting for a bargain before buying a suit. You will get one now if you hurry and avail yourself of our final offer of half and LESS THAN HALF PRICE for a suit that's up-to-date in EVERY RESPECT.

$10 & $12 Flannel Suits now $5.
$8 & $10 Scotch Wool Suits now $6.
$12.50 & $13.50 Fine Worsted Suits now $7.50.

Children's and Boys' Suits at 50c on the dollars. Most suits are heavy enough for fall wear.

WM. MONHEIMER.
SMETHPORT.

THE DR. GREENE TREATMENT FOR NERVOUS AND CHRONIC DISEASES

Bears the stamp of absolute and genuine worth conceived and founded in the true system of cure, it is as imperishable as truth itself, as accurate in curative results as a fixed science, a WONDROUS BLESSING TO THE SICK AND AILING. It has endured the test of times and been tried in the crucible of experience. Generation after generation of Dr. Greenes have restored health to the suffering by these marvelous medicines, adapting, organizing and perfecting the treatment through long years of enormous practical experience among the sick, by grandfather, father and son; until today the third generation of Greenes is giving to the world an even more successful practice, a surer and more positive means of cure than has ever heretofore been placed before the depressed, weakened and discouraged victims of chronic complaints.

Drs. F. A & J. A. Greene

are the proprietors of that most marvelous of all remedies for the Nerves and Blood,

DR. GREENE'S NERVURA

All are privileged to consult Dr. Greene personally or by mail, entirely free. Dr. Greene himself attends to all who call and answers all letters in person.

Office, 101 Fifth Avenue, N. Y.

CENTRAL STATE NORMAL SCHOOL.
LOCK HAVEN, PA.
J. R. FLICKINGER, Principal.

Fall term of 15 weeks begins September 11th. The facilities at this important school for doing first-class work, professional and academic, were never better than now. Its graduates are required to do a full year's teaching in the training school. Its faculty has the best American and European training. Buildings modern. College Preparatory department. Location unexcelled. Fine Gymnasium. Expense moderate. Free tuition to prospective teachers. Address for illustrated catalogue, the Principal.

PISO'S CURE FOR
25 CTS
CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS
Best Cough Syrup. Tastes Good. Use in time. Sold by druggists.
25 CTS
CONSUMPTION

HORSE SALE!

There will be a carload of good horses, all halter broke sold at AUCTION at

JONES' LIVERY

on

SATURDAY, SEPT. 2nd

Sale commences at 1 p. m. Time given on approved paper.

JOHNSON BROS.

J. ODESSER
—DEALER IN—
TINWARE, GLASSWARE, NOTIONS, SCHOOL SUPPLIES.
SPECIAL BARGAINS in BROOMS, LAUNDRY SOAP, MATCHES,
CLOTHES PINS, 1c per doz.

Highest prices paid for Rags, Rubbers, Old Iron, Old Rope and Old Metal. Also best market prices for Hides and Furs of all kinds.

East Smethport Penn'a

25 per cent.

OFF THE REGULAR PRICE.

OUR GREAT CLEARANCE SALE.

This is the time of the year for cut prices. When we cut we cut deep. Commencing

SATURDAY, AUG. 19,

and continuing for just exactly 15 days, no longer, we shall offer a uniform discount of ¼ off on any article in our store. Remember the date and come here, expecting to get an honest discount of 25 per cent. and you will not be disappointed.

H. W. RUBIN, SMETHPORT, PENNA.
The Old Reliable Clothier, Furnisher and Merchant Tailor.

GO TO STORE OF
D. C. YOUNG
AND BUY YOUR
DRESS GOODS, SHIRT WAIST PATTERNS,
AND SO FORTH—NICE LINE TO SELECT FROM.
ALL AT REDUCED PRICES.

Do not forget to look at bargain Counter while there.

When you have bought your goods select a pattern to cut them after. You will find here a complete line of the Ladies' Home Journal patterns. All the newest designs for cutting everything needed to wear. Chart Model furnished free with each pattern.

D. C. YOUNG
SMETHPORT, PA.

June 27, 1905.

FALL AND WINTER STYLES
IN
Suits, Overcoats, Trousers, &c

are now on hand. If you intend having anything done in the tailoring line now is the time to place your order before the rush is on. A trial will convince you that I am here to please you.

G. W. SHILLENN
THE LEADING TAILOR.

By reason of fresh arrivals our stock of
TOILET SOAPS and PERFUMES
were never so complete.

It seems as if we could please even the most particular customes.

INVESTIGATE.

McCoy's Drug Store

STOP! READ! and REFLECT
And then go to
BROWNELL BROTHERS
Where you will find a carefully and well selected stock of
DRY GOODS, NOTIONS,
FURNISHING GOODS,
HATS, CAPS. BOOTS and SHOES.
AND A CHOICE LINE OF THE
FINEST GROCERIES
TO BE FOUND IN TOWN AT
ROCK-BOTTOM PRICES

The Lindholm Co.

FIRST SHOWING OF FALL GOODS

They are coming every day. All the latest things in fleeced cottons.

Fleecedown at 15c

For Kimonas, Dressing Sacques and Bath Robes. All shades. See them in our window.

SPECIALS FOR ONE WEEK.

SUIT CASES @ $1.48
" " " 1.75
" " " 2.16
" " " 2.25
" " " 2.36

These must go to make room for our fall stock. They MUST go and at once. The PRICES will sell them.

The Lindholm Co.

Are You Going to Remodel?

If so, you will do it with the intention of improving upon present conditions. Our part is to interest you in our ability to improve and perfect your sanitary equipment.

Many families pay out yearly for doctor bills, due to sickness caused by the deadly sewer gases which enter the home on account of poor and defective plumbing, more than the difference between the cost of the cheapest and the best work.

You cannot have too many safeguards for the health and happiness of yourself and family. Of these safeguards, the sanitary equipment of your home is unquestionably the most important and can be securely trusted to us.

We do but one kind of work—the best—and use the famous "Standard" Porcelain Enameled Ware, every piece of which is guaranteed by the manufacturers to be strictly first quality. Let's talk it over.

REDFIELD'S HARDWARE.

McKean County Miner

Entered at the postoffice at Smethport as second-class mail matter

Smethport, Thursday, Aug. 31, 1905

LOCAL AND GENERAL.

—Labor Day next Monday.

—Celebrate Labor Day at Smethport.

—Prill, the Bradford jeweler, is advertising a big reduction sale this week.

—Have you seen the Bess Washing Machine? J. C. Hamlin is advertising it.

—The stores of Smethport will be closed Monday afternoon on account of Labor Day celebration.

—The Woman's Auxiliary will meet at the St. Luke's parish house on Thursday Sept. 7, at 2:30 p. m.

—The first annual meeting of the McKean County Agricultural Association will be held Oct. 3, 4, 5 and 6.

—Johnson Brothers advertise an auction sale of horses at Jones' livery Saturday next. Read the advertisement.

—Best methods of study are used at Edinboro Normal. Fall term begins Sept. 12th. Catalogue free. John F. Bigler, prin.

—Roulette had another destructive fire last week that consumed two buildings valued at $7,000. This is the third fire within a few weeks.

—The St. Elizabeth's Auxiliary will hold a cooked food sale at G. W. Shillenn's tailor shop on next Saturday afternoon, commencing at 3 o'clock.

—The tug of war which will take place at the ball-ground after the parade Monday will be the event of the day; the winners will earn their keg of nails.

—A jolly crowd of young people of this place had a "straw ride" to Farmers Valley last Friday evening. At that place they enjoyed themselves with a corn roast.

—Maltby & Edwards, who recently started a printing establishment in Port Allegany, have decided that that town was well supplied and have gone to pastures new.

—The third union service of the M. E. and Baptist churches will be held in the M. E. church next Sunday evening at 8, subject for the address, "The Business Part of Christianity."

—As the meeting of the McKean County Pomona Grange is scheduled to meet the same week as the McKean County Fair, the date of the Grange meeting will be changed.

—R. Dennis, former proprietor of the Central Hotel at Eldred, is seriously ill. He is a pioneer of McKean county, and is well known throughout this section of the State and Western New York.

—The Labor Day Committee respectfully urges the business places to decorate freely with flags and bunting Monday. Show the visitors that they are welcome; you can show it in no easier way.

—One hundred and ninety-three New York State lawyers are serving sentences in Sing Sing prison. There are only a few editors in the institution. Editors are not such downright bad fellows, after all.—Ex.

—The Hazelhurst and Smethport bands will furnish music for the Labor Day celebration here next Monday. Both have been newly organized, but nevertheless we trust they will give us some good music.

—Col. E. Rogers of Kane, a former prominent resident of this place, is one of the 31 delegates elected to represent Pennsylvania at the G. A. R. National Encampment to be held in Denver, Col., next week. Mr. and Mrs. Rogers left to-day for that city.

—The official history of the celebrated First Rifle Regiment, better known as the Bucktails, is now being prepared by O. R. Howard Thomson, Librarian, Wagner Institute Branch, The Free Library of Philadelphia, and William H. Rauch, Historian of the Bucktails.

—Nothing pays like an education. The Clarion State Normal School has been the means of starting many young men and women on the road to success. It will gladly help you if you will put yourself in touch with it. Write to the principal for particulars. The fall term opens next Tuesday.

—Nellie Burdick, a young woman of this city, at midnight drank a quantity of carbolic acid, with suicidal intent, in a room on Chambers street. After drinking the poison she summoned the landlady and apprised her of the deed. Dr. Hayes was called to attend the would-be suicide and after administering the usual emetics succeeded in bringing her over the danger point.—Tuesday's Bradford Era.

—Within a few days, Miss Tillie Reidy, one of Coudersport's popular school-ma'ams, will depart for Kasson, McKean county, where she will teach. Miss Nellie Dike will take Miss Reidy's place in the A. O. Doerner store.—Coudersport Enterprise.

—Services at the Methodist next Sunday will be as follows: Class meeting 10 a. m.; preaching by Dr. Willey 10:30 a. m., subject, "The Year of Jubilee"; Sabbath school at 11:45 a. m.; Epworth League at 7 p. m.; union services at 8 p. m., Rev. W. A. Day of the Baptist church preaching.

—The Eldred Eagle of last week had an article that said that the Sartwell baseball team won from the Smethport team last Wednesday by a score of 10 to 2. From a reliable source we learn that it was the East Smethport team. As yet the Sartwell and Smethport teams have not met on the diamond this season.

—On account of the special excursion from Drummond, Cardiff, St. Marys and intermediate points to Riverhurst Park Sunday, September 10th, the Pittsburg, Shawmut & Northern Railroad Company will sell tickets from Smethport to Riverhurst Park and return at rate of 75c. Train leaves Smethport at 9:05 a. m.

—On account of Labor Day celebration at Smethport Monday, September 4th, the Pittsburg, Shawmut & Northern Railroad Company will sell excursion tickets from Clermont, Mt. Jewett and Hazelhurst to Smethport at rate of one and one-third fare for the round trip. Tickets good going and returning on regular trains on day of sale.

—Baptist church services next Sunday: 10:45 a. m. the pastor's subject will be, "A Memorial." The ordinance of the Lord's Supper follows morning worship; bible school at noon; Junior C. E. will commence holding regular sessions for the season, convening at 4 p. m. Y. P. S. C. E. at 6:45 p. m. Miss Lillie Hagberg, leader. No evening services in the Baptist church.

—The Socialists of this county met at the court house yesterday and placed the following ticket in nomination: Sheriff, Lars Swedenjelm of Kane; prothonotary, W. V. Crowley of Eldred; recorder, Wm. Raple of Bradford; register, Joe Biegel of Bradford; clerk of courts, C. N. Brewer of Smethport; commissioners: P. J. Nolan of Bradford and R. J. Silsbe of Eldred; county auditors, L. R. Hess of Bradford and Chas. Guinett of Eldred.

—The fires have all been lighted in the Smethport glass factories and an early start is anticipated. On Saturday N. H. Knapp lighted the fire in the Haines Flint Bottle Factory, on Monday B. K. Garrison started the flames in the Smethport Window factory, and on Tuesday Lucile Todd performed the same feat in the Camp Window factory. There is some dissatisfaction among the window glass workers in regard to the wage scale, but we hope that these difficulties will soon be satisfactorily settled thus giving an early start.

—In lighting the fires in the tank of the Eldred glass factory Roswell Sartwell had a narrow escape from being seriously burned. He was in the tank and had lighted the burner nearly to the end when a wave of flame burst over him. Roswell was stooping over and sprang back, but did not escape altogether, his hair being singed and his hands and leg cut by glass. Some unknown person had turned on one of the tubes a few minutes before. Had Mr. Sartwell been standing erect no doubt serious injuries would have resulted.

—The following officers were elected to serve for the coming year at the annual meeting of the W. C. T. U.: President, Mrs. A. E. Foster; Vice President, Mrs. Martha Chadwick; Secretary, Mrs. M. E. Richmond; Treasurer, Mrs. L. C. Mays. Superintendents in the following departments were elected: Evangelistic, literature, railroads, flowers, mission, press, Sunday school and jail. As a special work, the Beacon Light Mission of Bradford will be continued. Meetings every alternate Saturday in the M. E. chapel. The date of next meeting, Sept. 9th.

—Miss Roselle Knott and a strong company, under the personal direction of Miss Knott and managed by Kane, Shipman and Colvin, presented the beautiful romance, When Knighthood was in Flower, at the Smethport Lyceum Tuesday evening. A good sized audience was present and so far as we can learn everybody is of the opinion that it was by far the best performance ever given in Smethport. Miss Knott has wonderful powers of impersonation and portrays the vivacious and versatile character of Mary Tudor so perfectly that she wins her hearers at once. Her support was the very best in every character, and a more highly pleased audience never left the Lyceum.

Advertised Letters.

List of letters remaining in the post office at Smethport for the week ending Aug. 26, 1905:

Elisha P. Baldwin, Cornelius Mesler, Sylvanius Pierce, Jno. Ryder, W. H. Snow 2, Mrs. S. Whitney 2, F. D. White.

Persons calling for these letters please say "advertised." All unclaimed letters are sent to the Dead Letter Office two weeks from date of advertising.

J. C. GALLUP,
Postmaster.

James Quirk of the Model Restaurant wishes to announce to his friends and patrons that he will have oysters just as soon as they are in the market.

Lemmler's is the place to buy trunks, traveling bags and fly nets. Reliable goods at reasonable prices is his motto.

WANTED—Girl for general housework. Inquire at MINER office.

Personal Mention.

Miss Tavia Raymer is in Pittsburg visiting friends.

F. G. Lindholm of Clearfield had business in town Monday.

Guy B. Mayo is attending the band picnic at Eldred to-day.

Mrs. Susie Keefor of Carthage, N. Y., is visiting relatives in town.

Robert Laley of Bradford is visiting at the home of N. H. Knapp.

Editor T. M. McClellan of Mt. Jewett had business in town Tuesday.

Miss Ruth Sharp of Spartansburg is visiting Miss Genevieve Crosby.

W. T. and Ed. Seger of New York City are visiting friends in town.

Miss Harriet Fraley of Buffalo is the guest of friends in town this week.

Miss Emma Dring of Buffalo is visiting Mr. and Mrs. Sandford L. Fry.

Geo. W. Mitchell returned last Saturday from a visit to West Virginia.

Mr. and Mrs. S. A. Powell and son, Jack, are visiting friends in Warren.

Frank B. Godwin of Oil City was the guest of friends in town over Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. F. T. Charnock of Mt. Jewett were visitors in town Sunday.

Mrs. J. C. Backus and Miss Mattie [illegible] are guests of friends in Eldred to-day.

Lawrence Hopper left yesterday for a visit with friends in Hornellsville and Buffalo.

Miss Verna Hafner visited in Buffalo last week, the guest of Mrs. Wm. P. Clothier.

Miss Ruby Learn, who has been visiting Miss Roxie King, returned home last Saturday.

Miss Hattie Lyle, who has been the guest of her brother, returned to her home in Kinzua Monday.

Miss Anna Haley returned Saturday from a two weeks' visit with her sister, Mrs. J. J. Healy of Kane.

Mrs. Wm. Hafner returned last Friday from a three weeks' visit with friends in Jersey Shore, Pa.

C. A. Anderson of Colegrove had business in town yesterday and was a pleasant caller at this office.

Elmer Quirk has returned from a visit to West Virginia. His uncle, Thomas Quirk, accompanied the young man home.

J. C. Cunningham is in Gilletts, Pa., this week attending the sixth annual reunion of Company A, 207th Regt. Pa. Vol.

Mrs. A. W. Colegrove, Mrs. D. M. Sheehan, Mrs. L. Hopper and daughter, Alberta, and Miss May Choate are passing a few days at Frog Camp.

Mrs. J. C. McManus and daughter, Miss Florence, who have been visiting relatives and friends in town, returned home to Parkersburg, W. Va., last Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. H. H. Redfield, Mr. and Mrs. A. W. Mitchell, Misses Shoenberger, Forrest, Mitchell and McCoy and Messrs. W. H. Gallup and S. F. Redfield left yesterday in automobiles for Buffalo.

Excursion to Buffalo, Niagara Falls and Toronto.

The Buffalo, Rochester & Pittsburgh Railway will run their annual after harvest excursion to Buffalo, Niagara Falls and Toronto on Tuesday, September 5th, affording an excellent opportunity for a trip to the falls and the great Toronto Fair, which opens August 29th and closes Sept. 9th. Special train will leave Newton at 8:30 a. m. Fare to Niagara Falls and return $1.50. Fare to Toronto and return $3.00. Niagara Falls tickets will be good going and returning on special train on date of sale, also for return passage from Buffalo on regular trains Wednesday, Sept. 6th. Toronto tickets will be good for return passage, with privilege of stop-over at Niagara Falls or Buffalo, if used on or before Saturday, Sept. 9th.

For Sale.

The Smethport Steam Laundry is for sale. Good reasons for selling. Enquire of T. H. Purtle, Smethport, Pa.

Go to J. C. Hamlin for all kinds of Fruit Cans, Jelly Glasses and Preserving Kettles.

Oak and chestnut fence posts for sale. Inquire of Victor B. Bouton, Smethport.

Be humane and buy a fly net for your horse. Charles Lemmler has a full line.

Hand-Colored Souvenir Postal Cards of Smethport

PICTURES OF

Court House and Grounds,
St. Luke's Church and Main St.
and other views.

These cards were made from photos and are true reproductions of Smethport as it is now.

Large stock at reasonable prices.

MARY L. BISETT,
THE CITY STORE.

McCALL PATTERNS 10 & 15c

BARKER COLLARS 2 for 25c

FRY & COMES.

DRY GOODS CARPETS MEN'S FURNISHINGS

New Fall Goods are Now Arriving.

This week the Outing Flannels and Flannelettes ask your attention. We were fortunate in getting an unusually good assortment of patterns for this season; then, too, we bought them at a lower price than last year. This advantage is all yours as we offer them at a corresponding reduction.

While the fall goods claim from now on the chief thought there are still some very good bargains left in Summer Goods—these are being cleared out now at about half.

2,000 yds. NEW OUTING FLANNEL in a great pattern variety.

1921 Last year's 10c quality, at per yard, 9c.
Teasle Down last year's 12½c quality, at per yard, 10c.
Daisy Cloth " " 12½c quality, at per yard, 10c.

1,000 yds. NEW FLANNELETTES. The season's choicest styles.

Eoule Serge, extra value, at per yard, 10c.
Arnold, last year's 17c quality, at per yard, 15c.
"Barker Brand" Collars—warranted linen—2 for 25c.
"Arrow Brand" Collar—cotton—10c each.

FRY & COMES.

Don't Jar Your Nerves

By using old Fruit Jars and lose half your fruit and some of your patience. Get the

Famous Royal Crown Fruit Jar.

Each jar guaranteed to be a perfect sealer, with no metal parts to come in contact with the fruit. PINTS, QUARTS & HALF GALLONS.

You may need a Hot Plate, Can Rubbers, Jar Fillers or a Preserve Kettle.

HOLMES & GILFILLAN

LUMBER AND HARDWARE, BLACKSMITH AND WAGON SHOP.

We Keep in Stock Everything for a House from Foundation to Chimney Top

SMETHPORT - PENN'A.

OUR REGULAR SEPTEMBER REDUCTION SALE

is now on.

EVERYTHING at reduced Prices including DIAMONDS

7 MAIN STREET PRILL BRADFORD, PA.

Bell Phone 473.

H. C. WELLS

THE LEADING PHARMACIST

SMETHPORT, - PA.

THORNTON & CHESTER FLOURS

Make the Bread That Tastes Best

USE IT ONCE AND YOU WILL WANT TO AGAIN.

T. & C. Best, $1.75 sk. Pure Gold $1.70 sk.

A. E. FOSTER & CO

Hunted Down

By C. B. LEWIS

Copyright, 1905, by R. B. McClure

When the men sent out by the Big Four Cattle company in search of new pasturage reached the Wind river valley almost the first thing their eyes rested on was a drove of wild horses numbering thirty. The drove was led by a stallion whose grace and beauty elicited unbounded admiration. Some of the drove had escaped from bondage to roam the plains free from the restraints of man, but the leader had surely been foaled in some quiet cove among the foothills, and his mother had kept guard over him while the timber wolves circled around and gnashed their teeth in hunger.

He had been born as free as the air about him, and when his muscles had hardened he had galloped with a herd up and down the valley for 200 miles north and south. He had braved the fierce winters, the cunning of the wolves, the spring of the mountain lion, the greed and cruelty of the red man. There he stood at the head of his drove, five or six years old, black as midnight, with the exception of the white star on his forehead, and there were a beauty and a defiance about him that appealed to the little band—all but one.

"See me put a bullet inside that star!" he said as he pointed his rifle.

"If you do, I will put one through your head!" replied the leader, and he was backed up by his two companions.

For five minutes every horse in the drove stood there with head and tail up and nostrils quivering and flanks heaving, and then at a signal from their leader they were away like the wind.

It was through these men that the Big Four outfit heard of the black horse. The coming of men and cattle drove him and his fellows down to the south end of the valley, a hundred miles away, but now and then they seemed to have a longing to revisit the old pastures, and they came sweeping back. They never came during the day, but always on a moonlight night, and the first any one knew of their presence was the sound of their thudding hoofs. Three times in the course of a year they stampeded the cattle, and then the foreman ordered their destruction. The next time they came sweeping up the valley they were to be made targets of.

There was grumbling among the men. A drove of wild horses is always a peril to a herd of steers, but it went against the grain of the men born in freedom themselves to shoot down other of God's creatures. The wolf, the coyote, the lion—yes, they were man's enemies, but the wild horses were his friends. If they were not under his hand and obedient to him, they were still his friends. Ever since men and horses were, a bond of friendship has existed between them. When the horses came again a few shots were fired, one or two wounded, perhaps, and the herd escaped material damage. The foreman saw how it was with his cowboys. It was so with his own conscience, and he did not blame them.

But the drove must go. There were men over at San Blas who would do anything for money, even to the taking of human life. For a certain price per head they undertook to exterminate the drove. There were four of them, and they rode away secretly and swore the foreman to secrecy. They had to. The cowboys would have called it murder and demanded revenge. The few settlers along the foot of the mountains were rough and hardy men who were dealing with nature in the rough, but they would not have tolerated the slaughter.

The quartet found the drove and began the work. Sometimes the men killed from the saddle and sometimes they skulked and sneaked on foot and approached their game as the panther does. It was from no feeling of sentiment that they spared the black horse. It had been agreed from the first to spare him till the last and then seek to capture him alive. It took weeks to finish the rest of the drove. When the horses found death on their trail they left the broad pastures and sought the green coves, making far into the mountains. They spread out so as to leave no trail and ceased to whinny. By day they hid themselves among the pines and cedars and came out only at night to feed.

The mountain lions aided the hunters. They ambushed horse after horse and pulled them down, and the fierce timber wolves kept the living in a state of terror. To the north were the cattlemen, to the south advancing civilization. The poor horses were hemmed in between.

By and by the hunters gleefully reported that only one horse was left—the black leader. He could not have escaped bullets had they been minded to shoot him, but he had outwitted the wolves and the lions, and when his last companion went down he uttered a shrill neigh of defiance and vanished in the distance. Word was sent up and down the valley that he was to be hunted to his capture. The cowboys would have nothing to do with it, but there were a score of others who entered into the chase gleefully and greedily. The man who captured the black horse could put his own price on him.

The plan of campaign was for men to station themselves up and down the valley at intervals and to keep the black horse moving until he fell from exhaustion. It would seem almost as if the summer breeze whispered the plans of men in his ears. He disappeared as if the earth had swallowed him up, and he was not found for a month. Then one day a man penetrated a wild, dark gorge leading into the mountain, and when he had followed it for a quarter of a mile it debouched into a cove ten acres in extent. Water and grass were plentiful, and the black horse had lived in safety. On the grass lay the decaying bodies of four timber wolves that had met death while trying to pull him down. He had courage as well as beauty.

The presence of the man drove the horse out into the valley, and then the chase was taken up. It began one morning at daylight.

The chase was cruel and later on led to quarrels wherein men lost their lives. For five miles each hunter pursued the black horse at top speed and then he rested. Confident of his speed and strength, the lone horse moved off with a defiant air. There was not a moment's rest for him all day long. Three or four times he buried his muzzle in the ice cold waters of the creeks as he came to them. The coming of night gave him no relief. It was moonlight and the chase still continued.

For seventy miles the black horse held his course up the valley. Then he turned and retraced his steps. Again he went up the valley, but when he had covered fifty miles he stopped and stood at bay. He had done all that a horse could do, and more. He had covered 160 miles of distance almost without breaking his gait. When he stopped, signals were given for the men above and below to close in, and by and by there were a dozen in a circle around him. Lassos were made ready, but the men quarreled among themselves as to who had the best right. While the war of words was going on the black horse could have wheeled and broken through, but he realized that his race was run. It was bright moonlight, and he stood blowing the steam from his nostrils, and his head was never held higher. His limbs trembled, but with weakness instead of fright. His eyes had lost their fire, but the race he had run was to be talked about for twenty years to come.

Suddenly three or four men began to whirl their lassos and others prepared to shoot, and it was then that the black horse uttered a sobbing neigh, tossed his proud head high and sank down with a sigh and was dead ere any man had laid hand on his forelock. Captivity was not for him.

A Story of Horace Greeley.

One of the stories told of Horace Greeley in Wilder's "The Sunny Side of the Street" is a curious rendering into vernacular experience of the ancient Horace's theater going gentleman of Argos, with his retort, "Cui sic extorta voluptas et demptus per vim mentis gratissimus error!"

A friend—one of the wise, observant, upsetting kind of friends—called on Greeley one cold winter day and found the great journalist with a favorite book in his hand, a beatific smile on his face and his feet over the register. The visitor had previously been through the building and learned that the furnace had gone wrong and been removed, the cold air flue could not be closed and zero air was coming through all the registers, so he said:

"Mr. Greeley, why do you keep your feet there? There is no heat—only cold air is coming up!"

Greeley tumbled out of his chair and in the childish whine that always came to him when he was excited replied:

"Why didn't you let me alone? I was entirely comfortable, but now I'm near you I'm frozen."

Telling His Name.

Lord Rathmore was formerly plain David Plunkett. Shortly after he was raised to the peerage he took a trip to the Riviera. The French railway company reserved a carriage for his private use. At some unknown hour of the night the door of the carriage was suddenly opened. A lantern was flashed upon him, and a voice sharply cried, "Votre nom?" ("Your name?") Lord Rathmore, wakened out of his sleep, looking up in a partly dazed condition, discovered a railway official on his way round for tickets. Lord Rathmore's name was on the paper affixed to the window, marking the compartment as reserved. The official desired to identify the occupant of the carriage with the person to whose use it was inscribed. "Votre nom?" he sternly repeated, seeing the passenger hesitate. There sprang to Lord Rathmore's lips the familiar "David Plunkett." Happily he remembered in time he was no longer David Plunkett, but for the life of him he could not remember what title in the peerage he had selected. It seemed half an hour to him before he could remember "Rathmore."

The Man They Wanted.

The great ship labored in the storm. Ever and anon a giant wave would throw the steel leviathan on her beam ends, and at each shock the heads of the passengers would knock in an anvil chorus against the sides of their berths. At this critical moment, with a roar that rose above the fury of the hurricane, a mob of determined men burst upon the deck.

"Mutiny!" gasped the mate.

"No, they are cabin passengers," said the captain. "Now, gentlemen, you must go below. There really is no danger."

"Yes, there is—danger for a Jonah who is on this ship," came back the answering chorus.

"Who do you mean, gentlemen?" asked the captain.

"Show us," they howled—"show us that fellow who was singing 'Rocked In the Cradle of the Deep' only a few hours ago! Let us at him!"—New York Press.

NOTABLE TEA TOPERS

MEN WHO IMBIBED THE STIMULATING BREW TO EXCESS.

De Quincey Emptied His Cups From 8 o'Clock at Night Till 4 In the Morning—Johnson a Shameless Tea Bibber—Why Hawthorne Quit.

The most hardened tea drinker may admit that tea drinking can be and often is overdone, and yet the best known tea topers do not appear to have suffered in consequence of their excessive indulgence in the cheering cup.

De Quincey was a notable tea toper. In his picture of a winter evening in his cottage among the Cumberland hills he mentions the tea equipage on a table beside the fire, and behind the table a fair tea maker, whose duty it was to fill an almost endless procession of cups. De Quincey declares that he drank tea from 8 o'clock at night to 4 in the morning, and claims the infusion as "the favorite beverage of the intellectual."

Another tea toper was Hazlitt, the essayist, who was not only very fond of the beverage, but seems to have drunk it of extraordinary strength. We are told on excellent authority that he used two ounces for his breakfast and two for his tea, with cream, and that for this tea—the finest Souchong—he paid at first 14 shillings and afterward 12 shillings per pound. Perhaps this extravagance and excessive consumption of tea may account for some of the essayist's quarrelsomeness.

Cowper, as we all know, appreciated to the full the charm of the fragrant leaf, but there is hardly sufficient evidence to show that he was guilty of undue indulgence. The most famous tea toper was of course Dr. Johnson, whose feats with the cup which Mrs. Thrale filled so assiduously are too well known to need enlarging upon. His record appears to have been twenty-five cups, which he drank at a sitting, but in mitigation of judgment it should be remembered that in all probability the cups were much smaller than the teacups in use at the present time. Still, Johnson told Miss Reynolds in playful verse:

Thou canst not make the tea so fast
As I can gulp it down.

And he described himself as a "hardened and shameless tea drinker, who has for many years diluted his meals with only the infusion of this fascinating plant; whose kettle has scarcely time to cool; who with tea amuses the evening, with tea solaces the midnight and with tea welcomes the morning." It is an amazing confession, but we are bound to remember that this intemperate tea bibber lived to the age of seventy-five.

Johnson's record was equaled by Bishop Gilbert Burnet, the author of the well known "History of My Own Times," who is reported to have disposed of twenty-five cups in a morning. Another man of letters of a very different type, Nathaniel Hawthorne, who might have equaled the doctor, curbed his tea drinking propensities early. When he was a very young man Hawthorne was in the habit of visiting at a house where the hostess made excellent tea, and one evening when the visitor's cup was passed to be refilled she said: "Now, Mr. Hawthorne, I am going to play Mrs. Thrale to your Johnson. I know you are a slave to my tea." The young man made no reply, but he had no inclination to play the role assigned to him, and for five years from that night Hawthorne did not taste a cup of tea—a protest which seems as excessive in its way as the inclination which his hostess had attributed to him.

There have been other heroes of the teapot, not a few. Hartley Coleridge may fairly claim a place among the tea topers. Some one is said to have asked him once how many cups he usually drank and to have received the scornful reply: "Cups! I don't count by cups. I count by pots!" Then there have been others whom it would be hardly fair to rank as tea topers, but who have shown marked devotion to the teapot. In recent days Mr. Gladstone and Dean Stanley would appear in this class, but, indeed, any list of enthusiastic lovers in recent times of what Waller called the "best of herbs" would be of most inordinate length.—London Globe.

Superior Precision.

A young American who is studying at Oxford was struck by the care with which his chambermaid cleaned his desk without disturbing his papers. To reward her he offered her some confections which he had brought from London.

"Mary, wouldn't you like some of this candy?"

"Ho, thank you, sir. Yes, sir. But hexcuse me, sir, this hain't candy; it's sweets."

Then she proceeded to give him a lesson in the difference between sugar or molasses candy and bonbons, chocolate confections and other sweetmeats or "sweets."

"Thank you for telling me the difference, Mary," said the student, somewhat amused. "In America we call it all candy."

"Ho, yes, sir; in Hamerica I fancy it's all the same, sir, but in Hingland we 'ave a nyme for heverythink."

A Unique Bridge.

The swinging bridge of wood and rope crossing a chasm in the Irish cliffs—Carrick-a-Rede and the Larribau—high above the sea, which breaks in foam and embroidery along the rocky coast, is unique and unmatched. It is only used during the salmon fishing season and connects the mainland with the huge rock whence the place derives its name. Whether sailing the sea or coming up from the mainland, the bridge seems but a fragile thing—a floating sidewalk supported by thin air and your imagination.

MOZART AT THE OPERA.

An Uproar, an Ovation and the Correction of an Error.

Mozart, being once on a visit at Marseilles, went to the opera incognito to hear the performance of his "Villanella Rapita." He had reason to be tolerably well satisfied till, in the midst of the principal arias, the orchestra, through some error in the copying of the score, sounded a D natural where the composer had written D sharp.

This substitution did not injure the harmony, but gave a commonplace character to the phrase and obscured the sentiment of the composer. Mozart no sooner heard it than he started up vehemently, and from the middle of the pit cried out in a voice of thunder, "Will you play D sharp, you wretches?"

The sensation produced in the theater may be imagined. The actors were astounded, the lady who was singing stopped short, the orchestra followed her example, and the audience, with loud exclamations, demanded the expulsion of the offender. He was accordingly seized and required to name himself. He did so, and at the name of Mozart the clamor suddenly subsided into a silence of respectful awe, which was soon succeeded by reiterated shouts of applause from all sides. It was insisted that the opera should be recommenced. Mozart was installed in the orchestra and directed the whole performance. This time the D sharp was played in its proper place, and the musicians themselves were surprised at the superior effect produced. After the opera Mozart was conducted in triumph to his hotel.

SCUTTLING A SHIP.

Laws Against This Crime Have Always Been Very Severe.

Scuttling may be defined as the art of cutting holes through a ship's hull, either for the purpose of keeping her steady, when stranded, by filling the hold with water and thus saving ship and cargo, or sinking her in order to obtain the money for which she is insured. It is the latter form of scuttling that we propose to deal with.

A shipmaster is monarch of all he surveys when remote from the land and no other sail above the boundary line of sea and sky; hence there would be little difficulty in his way should he propose to scuttle his ship, either to injure or to assist the owners thereof. For this reason the laws against scuttling have always been very severe all over the world. By an act of congress passed in 1804 it was enacted that "any person, not being an owner, who shall on the high seas willfully and corruptly cast away, burn or otherwise destroy any vessel unto which he belongeth, being the property of any citizen or citizens of the United States, or procure the same to be done, shall suffer death." English laws were similar. The last man executed in England for ship scuttling was Codling, hanged on Deal beach about 1804 for scuttling a vessel in the Downs in order to obtain the sum for which she was insured. Less drastic laws prevail now, and the gravity of such a case is met by penal servitude and the canceling of certificates should the offenders be shipmasters or officers.—London Standard.

Victor Hugo's Double.

Victor Hugo had a real double in flesh and blood who exploited his physical resemblance to the man of genius. He cut his beard like Hugo's, copied the master's dress in its smallest details and so for eighteen years divided with the master the admiration of the public. His especial delight was to pose in a poetical attitude in front of a Punch and Judy show. He did this at a particular spot every Thursday afternoon for years, thoroughly enjoying the murmurs of curiosity and applause proceeding from the gaping crowd which he deceived. We do not hear that he reaped any other reward but his pleasure.

A Race of Stalwarts.

The study of the improvement of the human race by selected breeding has in recent times been dignified by science. The glib argument is applied that, as we improve the race of race horses by selection of parents, we might produce similar effects by supervising human marriages. There are several fallacies in this reasoning. We are able to breed fast race horses because we want fast race horses, but the difficulty is that we do not know what ideal of man we should aim at.—London Medical Press.

The Gentle Orientals.

To rid themselves of an enemy the residents of oriental countries frequently mix with the food of the person of whom they would be rid the tiny black specks found under the sheath leaves at the joints of bamboo. These specks, seen under a microscope, are veritable barbed arrows, and once taken internally resist the action of the gastric juices and set up an intestinal inflammation that invariably causes death.

The Bad Part.

"I dreamed last night that I was married," said the maid, as she sat down to breakfast the other morning. "Is that a bad dream?"

"The only thing bad about it," growled her father, "is that it isn't true."—Chicago News.

Fiscal.

Youth—I have come to seek the hand of your daughter in marriage.

Man—Will you kindly call tomorrow? I make it a rule not to attend to business out of office hours.

Patriots are grown too shrewd to be sincere, and we are too wise to trust them.—Cowper.

Official Directory

STATE.

Governor—Samuel W. Pennypacker.
Lieutenant Governor—W. M. Brown.
State Treasurer—Frank G. Harris.
Auditor General—E. B. Hardenbergh.
Sec'y of Internal Affairs—I. B. Brown.

DISTRICT AND COUNTY.

President Judge—Joseph W. Bouton, Smethport.
Member of Congress—S. R. Dresser, Bradford.
State Senator—Myron Matson, Bradford.
Members of Assembly—J. W. Campbell, Kane; J. M. McElroy, Bradford.
District Attorney—John P. Melvin, Bradford, Pa.
Sheriff—Charles E. Mays, Morrisons.
Prothonotary—S. E. Bell, Smethport.
Recorder—H. M. Choate, Smethport.
Register—J. B. Eastman, Smethport.
Clerk of Courts—W. H. Morrison, Smethport.
County Treasurer—S. D. Weaver, Smethport.
Commissioners—Geo. Griffiths, Kane; J. A. Peterson, Bradford; W. F. Walsh, Smethport.
Com'rs' Clerk—A. B. Walker, Bradford.
Jury Commissioners—S. M. Love, Hixford and Leon Curtis, Farmers Valley.
Auditors—Oscar Engstrom, Smethport; B. G. Bartle, Port Allegany; James Devlin, Bradford.
Coroner—B. H. Hall, M. D., Bradford.
County School Superintendent—J. E. Myers Smethport.

BOROUGH.

Burgess—Charles McKean.
Council—W. A. Ostrander, president; Mrs. Lena Hyde secretary; Alfred Hagberg, Jas. McKean, A. A. Abbey, J. F. Rooney, James Herriman, J. C. Cunningham.
Justices—B. L. Knapp, R. C. Gleason.
Constable—E. W. Jones.
High Constable—Andrew Ness.
School Directors—D. C. Young, president; J. N. Apple, treas.; Sheridan Gorton, sec'y.; W. F. Specht, C. M. Colegrove, John Clark.
Collector—R. C. Gleason.
Assessor—F. H. Freeman.
Auditors—E. C. Cooper, A. H. Kidder.
Judge of Election—G. H. Hyde.
Inspectors of Election—J. A. Swanson, C. H. Burlingame.

Lodge Directory.

F. & A. M.—McKean Lodge, No. 388, meets on the second and fourth Wednesday of each month, at 7:30 o'clock p. m. at Masonic Hall, Main street.
GUY B. MAYO, W. M.
W. F. SPECHT, Sec'y.

I. O. O. F.—Smethport Lodge, No. 389, meets Friday evenings at 8:00 o'clock in I. O. O. F. Hall. Will work initiary degree first meeting of each month; 1st degree on second; 2nd degree on third, and 3rd degree on fourth meetings.
E. W. STRONG, N. G.
W. G. HOLDER, Sec'y.

I. O. O. F.—Smethport Encampment, No. 273, meets the first and third Wednesdays of each month in I. O. O. F. Hall.
S. H. CLEVELAND, Chief Patriarch.
G. B. BARBER, Scribe.

G. A. R.—McKean Post, No. 347, meets first Thursday afternoon of each month at 3:30 in the Odd Fellows Hall.
H. L. BURLINGAME, Com.
H. M. CHOATE, Adjutant.

W. R. C.—Meets every Thursday afternoon at I. O. O. F. Hall.
MRS. ADELL GRIGSBY, Pres't.
MRS. ROSE PEIRCE, Sec'y.

A. O. U. W.—Smethport Lodge, No. 183, meets Tuesday evening of each month in Kerns Hall.
Z. U. GIFFORD, M. W.
J. C. GALLUP, Recorder.

K. O. T. M.—Smethport Tent, No. 9, meets every second and fourth Tuesday evening at 7:30 in I. O. O. F. Hall.
A. H. KIDDER, Com.
W. H. MORRISON, R. K.

L. O. T. M.—Brown Hive, No. 48, meets in I. O. O. F. Hall, Thursday afternoons.
MOLLIE E. PIERCE, Com.
LIZZIE F. HOLDER, R. K.

C. M. B. A.—Smethport Branch 33, meets second and fourth Wednesdays of each month at W. C. T. U. Hall, Backus block, at 7:30 p. m.
JAMES LYNCH, Pres't.
THOMAS CLARK, Rec. Sec'y.

W. C. T. U.—Meets every alternate Wednesday at 3 p. m. in the M. E. Chapel.
MRS. JANE N. FORSYTHE, Pres.
MRS. MARY E. RICHMOND, Sec'y.

P. H. C.—Smethport Branch, No. 25, meets on every Tuesday evening in I. O. O. F. Hall.
C. M. COLEGROVE, Pres.
CLARA BURLINGAME Sec'y.

Phoenix Chapter No. 15, O. E. S.—Meets first and third Thursdays in each month in Odd Fellows' Hall.
MISS MAY CHOATE, W. M.
MRS. ROSE MALCOLM, Sec'y.

I. O. R. M.—Meets every Monday evening in I. O. O. F. Hall. Adoption degree 1st Monday; Warrior's degree 2nd Monday; Chief's degree 3rd Monday.
A. A. ABBEY, S.
L. K. HOGARTH, C. of R.

Churches

Methodist Episcopal—Gaylord H. Patterson, Ph. D., pastor. Class Meeting Sunday at 10 a. m. Preaching at 10:30 a. m. Sunday School at 11:45 a. m. Junior League at 4 p. m. Epworth League at 6:30 p. m. Preaching at 7:30 p. m. General prayer meeting Thursday at 7:30 p. m.

Episcopal.—J. Heber McCandless, Rector. Services every Sunday at 10:30 a. m. and 7:45 p. m. Additional service at 8 a. m., except on first Sunday of each month. Sunday School at 9:30 a. m.

All Saint's Memorial Chapel—East Smethport—Rev. J. Heber McCandless, Rector. Divine services every Sunday at 2:45 p. m. Sunday School 3:30 p. m. The Ladies' Guild meets every Friday at 10 a. m.

St. Elizabeth Catholic Church.—Rev. P. Cosgrove, Pastor. Mass at 11 a. m. Service at 11:30 a. m. Sunday School at 3 p. m. Services on each Sunday.

First Baptist Church.—P. S. Galvin, Pastor. Preaching each Sunday at 11:00 a. m., and 7:30 p. m. Sunday School at 10 a. m. Junior Endeavor at 3 p. m. Senior Endeavor at 6:30 p. m. Prayer-meeting each Wednesday evening at 7:30. Ladies' Aid Society meets each Friday afternoon in the church building. Women's Missionary Circle meets the first Tuesday evening in each month. The pastor preaches in the East Smethport Chapel each Sunday afternoon at 2:30. All are invited. Seats free.

Pennsylvania

RAILROAD

BUFFALO AND ALLEGHENY VALLEY DIVISION.

Time Table—Taking effect May 25, 1904.

TRAINS LEAVE SMETHPORT.

For Clermont, Ridgway, DuBois and Pittsburg.
Train 122, week days 10:10 a. m.
For Larabee, Port Allegany, Coudersport and points; Olean, Buffalo and points north.
Train 128, week days 4:01 p. m.

PHILADELPHIA & ERIE DIVISION TIME TABLE.

TRAINS LEAVE EMPORIUM JUNCTION EASTWARD.

8:20 a. m.—Train 12, Sundays, for Sunbury and Wilkesbarre, Scranton, Hazleton, Pottsville, Harrisburg and intermediate stations, arriving at Philadelphia 6:23 p. m., New York 9:30 p. m., Baltimore 6:00 p. m., Washington 7:15 p. m. Pullman Parlor car from Williamsport to Philadelphia, and passenger coaches from Kane to Philadelphia and Williamsport to Baltimore and Washington.

12:25 p. m.—Train 8, daily for Sunbury, Harrisburg and principal intermediate stations, arriving at Philadelphia 7:32 p.m., New York 10:23 p. m., Baltimore 7:30 p. m., Washington 8:35 p. m. Vestibuled parlor cars and passenger coaches, Buffalo to Philadelphia and Washington.

3:23 p. m.—Train 6, daily, for Harrisburg and intermediate stations, arriving at Philadelphia 4:23 a. m., New York 7:13 a. m., Baltimore 2:20 a. m., Washington 3:38 a. m. Pullman sleeping cars from Harrisburg to Philadelphia and New York. Philadelphia passengers can remain in sleeper undisturbed until 7:30 a. m.

10:35 p. m.—Train 4, daily for Sunbury, Harrisburg and intermediate stations arriving at Philadelphia 7:22 a. m., New York 9:33 a. m., week days (10:38 a. m. Sundays) Baltimore 7:15 a. m., Washington 8:30 a. m. Pullman sleeping cars from Erie and Williamsport to Philadelphia and Williamsport to Washington and passenger cars from Erie to Philadelphia and Williamsport to Baltimore.

12:20 a. m.—Train 14, daily for Sunbury, Harrisburg and principal intermediate stations. Arriving at Philadelphia 7:17 a. m., New York 9:33 a. m. week days, (10:28 a. m. Sunday) and Baltimore 7:2 a. m., Washington 8:40 a. m. Vestibuled Buffet sleeping cars and passenger coaches, Buffalo to Philadelphia and Washington.

WESTWARD.

5:10 a. m.—Train 9, daily, for Erie; Ridgway and weekdays DuBois, Clermont and intermediate stations.

10:25 a. m.—Train 3, daily for Erie and week days for DuBois and intermediate stations.

4:20 p. m.—Train 35, daily for Erie and intermediate stations.

Johnsonburg R. R.
Weekdays.

NORTH A.M. Lv.	STATIONS	SOUTH Ar. P.M.
9:20	Ridgway	11:56
9:40	Johnsonburg	11:30
9:56	Glen Hazel	11:15
10:07	Straight	11:04
10:12	Instanter	10:59
10:20	Smith's Run	10:52
10:29	Woodvale	10:45
10:35	Clermont	10:40
P M		A M

Connections are made with train 8, leaving Johnsonburg at 11:47 a. m. for Erie and intermediate points, arriving at Erie at 3:50 p. m. and at Ridgway with train 206, leaving Ridgway 11:55 p. m. for DuBois, Red Bank, Pittsburg and intermediate points.

W. W. ATTERBURY, General Manager.
J. R. WOOD, Pass. Traffic Mgr.
GEO. W. BOYD, Gen'l Passenger Agent.

Buffalo, Bradford & Kane Railway.

Time table in Effect April 2nd, 1905, Eastern Time.

Trains leave Smethport via Kushequa Route daily except Sunday at 7:10 a. m., 12:00 a. m. and 5:35 p. m.

Arrive	a. m.	p. m.	p. m.
Bradford	9:20		6:45
Mt. Jewett	8:45	1:35	6:35
Kane	9:25	2:55	6:25
Leave	a. m.	p. m.	p. m.
Bradford	7:00		1:35
Kane	7:10	10:15	4:30
Mt. Jewett	7:34	11:20	5:06
		a. m.	

Arriving at Smethport at 8:50 a. m., 1:05 p. m. and 6:10 p. m.

Connections at Bradford with Erie, B. R. & P. Ry. and Penna. Ry. and at Kane with B. & O. R. R. and Penna. R. R.

A. B. CAMPBELL, Genl. Supt., Bradford.
R. S. BULLIS, Gen. Pass. Agt.

The Pittsburg, Shawmut & Northern R. R.

Effective Jan. 15, 1905.

Trains leave Smethport as follows:

7:40 a. m.—For Mt. Jewett (arr. 7:50 a. m.) connecting with B. R. & P. Ry. for Johnsonburg (arr. 9:35 a. m.); Ridgway (arr. 9:50 a. m.); DuBois (arr. 10:43 a. m.) and Punxsutawney (arr. 11:30 a. m.)

9:01 a. m. for Eldred (arr. 9:36 a. m.), Olean (arr. 10:25 a. m.) connecting with P. R. R. for Buffalo (arr. 12:45 p. m.).

12:02 noon for Clermont (arr. 12:39 p. m.); St. Marys (arr. 1:05 p. m.); Shawmut (arr. 1:22 p. m.) and Brockwayville (arr. 1:47 p. m.).

2:20 p. m. for Eldred (arr. 2:49 p. m.); Olean (arr. 3:40 p. m.); connecting with P. R. R. for Buffalo (arr. 6:10 p. m.); Bolivar (arr. 3:27 p. m.); Friendship (arr. 4:03 p. m.); Angelica (arr. 4:32 p. m.); Hornellsville (arr. 5:55 p. m.); Wayland (arr. 7:08 p. m.); connecting with D. L. & W. for all points east.

Trains arrive:—9:01—From Mt. Jewett with connections from Kane. 2:20 p. m.—From Brockwayville, Shawmut, St. Marys and Clermont. 12:02 noon—From Hornellsville, Wayland, Angelica, Friendship, Bolivar and Olean. 2:35 p. m.—From Mt. Jewett with connections from B. R. & P. 7:22 p. m.—From Olean and Eldred.

N. B.—All trains daily except Sunday.

A. M. LANE, General Supt., St. Marys, Pa.
C. J. RENWICK, Gen. Pass. Agt.

COUDERSPORT & PORT ALLEGANY Railroad Time Table, taking effect Monday, March 18, 1901.

Ar. Eastward				STATIONS	L'v Westward		
A.M.	A.M.	P.M.	Ar	Dp	A.M.	P.M.	A.M
8.05	7.05	2.10		Ulysses	7.20	2.25	9.10
7.50	6.53	2.10		Crowell	7.27	2.32	9.19
7.46	o	1.57		Carpenter	o	2.34	9.
7.40	6.48	1.53		Perkins	7.32	2.37	9.26
7.37	6.45	1.50		New'fld June	7.37	2.42	9.32
o	o	1.45		Newfield	7.41	2.46	o
7.05	6.36	1.41		Gold	7.44	2.49	9.4
7.00	6.30	1.35		Raymond	7.49	2.45	9.4
6.45	6.21	1.24		Seven Bdg's	8.01	3.06	10.0
6.40	6.17	1.20		Colesburg	8.04	3.09	10.10
6.25	6.10	1.12		Frinks	8.12	3.17	10.20
6.15	o	2.05		N. Couds'pt	o	3.26	10.35
6.10	6.00	1.00	Dp.	Ar.	8.25	3.30	10.45
A.M.	A.M.	P.M.		Coudersport.			P.M
4.20	7.45	12.15	Ar.	Dp.	8.28	6.00	1.25
o	o	12.13		Hammond	o	o	o
4.05	7.38	12.09		Olmsted	8.33	6.05	1.31
3.59	7.35	12.05		Mina	8.37	6.10	1.37
3.45	o	11.59		Knowlton	o	6.17	o
3.40	7.25	11.55		Roulette	8.47	6.21	1.51
3.30	7.16	11.47		Burtville	8.54	6.28	2.01
3.23	o	11.41		Coleman	o	6.34	o
3.20	o	o		Chem. Wrks	o	o	o
3.15	7.05	11.36		Pt. Allegany	9.08	6.40	2.25
P.M.	P.M.	A.M.	Dp	Ar	A.M.	P.M.	P.M.

o—Trains do not stop.

Connections at Ulysses with N. Y. C. & H. R. R.; at Port Allegany with W. N. Y. & P. R'y. and at Newfield Junction with B. & S. R. R.

Trains run on eastern standard time.

B. A. M'CLURE, Supt.

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In good, reliable companies

What Shall We Have for Dessert?

The question arises in the family every day. Let us answer it to-day. Try Jell-O, a delicious and healthful dessert. Prepared in two minutes. No boiling! no baking! simply add boiling water and set to cool. Flavors:—Lemon, Orange, Raspberry and Strawberry. Get a package at your grocers to-day.

THE MINER and Tri-Weekly Tribune one year for $1.75 IN ADVANCE.

SOME FOOLISH PEOPLE

Allow a cough to run until it gets beyond the reach of medicine. They often say, "Oh, it will wear away," but in most cases it will wear them away. Could they be induced to try the successful medicine called Kemp's Balsam, which is sold on a positive guarantee to cure, they would immediately see the excellent effect after taking the first dose. Price 25c and 50c. Trial size free. At all druggists.

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Almost a Daily at the Price of a Weekly.

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Just What You Want.

All line of Trunks, Telescopes, Suit Cases, Traveling Bags, etc., at popular prices. Harness—All the latest styles in single, double, light and heavy harness.

Chas. Lemmler, Smethport, Pa.

Kelway and the Customs

By Sherwood Boyd

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"No," said Miss Clovis, "I do not think that this trip holds for me any especial souvenir.

"Nothing to remember, to recall, in after years as one of the patches of sunlight on life's checkered road?"

"Nothing," she said decidedly. "Three days of wretched seasickness and four days of storm tossed waters and seven days with an unhealthy mind."

"Do you care so much?" he asked softly. "I had hoped you had forgiven and forgotten."

"Really, Mr. Kelway," she said, "I am surprised that you should imagine for a moment that the incidents of last month still linger in my mind."

"Marjorie," he began softly.

"Miss Clovis, if you please," she corrected.

"I said Marjorie," he repeated. "Miss Clovis does not please me just at present."

"Then Miss Clovis will withdraw her undesirable presence," she began. Kelway held her hand in an iron grip.

"It has taken me the entire trip to get you alone," he said. "I am going to hold you prisoner until you listen to an explanation."

MISS CLOVIS SPRANG TO THE TRAY, BUT KELWAY HAD SEEN.

"If you propose to use brute force I shall not make a scene," she said coldly, "but I have assured you a dozen times that I have no desire to reopen a dead issue."

"It is not a dead issue to me," he pleaded. "It is my very life."

"Who was it said that life was made up of trifles?" she asked.

"I don't know and don't care," he said ungraciously. "The only thing I can think of at this present moment is that tomorrow morning we shall be on land and that unless I can make you see matters from my point of view I shall lose you forever."

"One cannot lose what one does not possess," she suggested.

"But I did possess your love," he said eagerly. "You did not tell me so in words, but there were little things—that night on Ben Nevis, for instance."

The girl trembled. Even against the light gemmed shore of Staten Island she could see those misty heights; she could remember how she clung sobbing to Kelway, fearful of the danger.

He laid his hand upon hers. She shook it off, and there came the remembrance of another scene, a crowded railway station and Kelway, who had just left her, kissing a most attractive young woman as the train went on. This was the man she had given her heart to, a man who kissed others when they were as good as engaged.

"I wish," she said petulantly, "that you would not refer to that most unpleasant experience."

"I did not think it unpleasant. I am willing to be lost again—with you."

"Possibly your companion of the railway station might object," she sneered.

"Have I not told you that the girl kissed me by mistake?" he asked.

"A very reasonable explanation," she commented.

"A man never does get credit when he tells the truth to a woman," commented Kelway. "Now, if I had said she was a cousin or something of that sort, would you have believed me?"

"Certainly not," was the prompt reply. "It is immaterial whether I believe you or not."

"It is not immaterial," he declared.

"I may have loved you," she said, "but whatever affection I felt for you is dead. I have put you out of my mind and heart. I have done with you forever, and if you were kind you would take yourself out of my life."

"Is that your wish?" he asked very softly. "Is there no hope?"

"None at all," was the decisive reply. "I never want to see you again."

For one brief instant his hand crushed hers as it lay upon the rail. Then he had raised his cap and was gone. The light blinked and fluttered in an odd fashion. It might have been imagined that Miss Clovis was viewing them through tear dimmed eyes had she not savagely repeated: "I'm glad he's gone. I'm glad he's gone."

The customs officers invaded the cabin immediately after breakfast the next morning, and as the Wanderer steamed slowly up the bay the passengers made out their declarations.

Kelway had nothing to declare and stood on the deck watching the shipping, and not even when Miss Clovis passed did he take his eyes from the water. And, strange to say, Miss Clovis resented this literal compliance with her request.

She went to her stateroom, and Kelway did not see her again until she came to her trunks under the C's. He was sitting upon his own steamer trunk under the K's waiting for an inspector, and by the arrangement of the letters he was right beside Miss Clovis.

It was a very rude thing to do, but he watched as the inspector, suffering from an intermittent burst of official energy, dug down to the very bottom of her trunk.

On the top of the tray was a framed picture of himself, with a bit of heather inside the glass. Miss Clovis sprang to the tray, but Kelway had seen. He came forward.

"I am going back on the steamer tomorrow," he said to her.

"Why?" she asked as the blushes spread over her face.

"Since you do care after all I am going to get a sworn statement from that girl, the picture of the brother of hers she mistook me for, and his declaration that he was expected to arrive on the train by which I traveled."

"It is not necessary," she said softly. "I found out after you left me last night that it was all right."

"Who could have told you?" he cried wonderingly.

Not even the customs officer heard the whispered "My heart," but Kelway was content.

"To think that I should not have spoken if that meddling customs inspector had not shown me that you still loved me," he cried wonderingly. "Unless I had seen that frame I should have had no hope."

The inspector still wonders why that ten dollar bill was thrust into his hand.

For Pleasant Dreams.

"It's not everybody I'd put to sleep in this room," said Mrs. J. to the fastidious and extremely nervous young minister who was spending the night with the family. "This room is full of sacred associations to me," she went on. "My first husband died in that bed, with his head right on those very pillows, and Mr. J. died sitting right in that corner. Sometimes when I come into the room in the dark I think I can see him sitting there still. My own father died lying right on that sofa under the window. Poor pa! He was a spiritualist, and he always said he'd appear in this room again after he died, and sometimes I'm foolish enough to look for him. If you should see anything of him tonight you'd better not tell me, for it would be a sign to me that there is something in spiritualism, and I'd hate to think that. My son by my first husband fell dead with heart disease right where you stand. He was a doctor, and there's two whole skeletons in that closet that belonged to him and half a dozen skulls in that lower drawer. Well, good night and pleasant dreams."—Tit Bits.

An Astute Lion.

—A young lieutenant during an African campaign came one day upon a badly crippled lion. The great brute limped over the tawny sand on three paws, holding its fourth paw in the air. And every now and then, with a kind of groan, it would pause and lick the injured paw. When the lion saw the young lieutenant it came slowly toward him. He stood his ground, rifle in hand. But the beast meant no harm. It drew close to him. It rubbed against him with soft feline purrs. It extended its hurt paw. The lieutenant examined the paw and found that there was a large thorn in it. He extracted the thorn, the lion roaring with pain, and he bound up the wound with his handkerchief. Then, with every manifestation of relief and gratitude, the animal withdrew. But it remembered its benefactor. It was grateful. And in a practical way it rewarded the young man. The lion ran over the regiment's list of officers and ate all who were the lieutenant's superiors in rank. Thus, in a few weeks, the young man, thanks to the astute animal, became a colonel.

Talk Turkey.

A man who makes it his business as well as his pastime to hear every public speech he can said the other day:

"Public speakers and campaign orators do not always have time or occasion to explain phrases used in driving home arguments. They must necessarily depend upon their audiences to see the point through apt applications of such phrases. I have one in mind—'to talk turkey.' It would not always do to explain that the origin of this is as follows:

"Two men, an Indian and a white man, agreed to hunt together for a day and to divide the spoils. When the time came there was no difficulty in apportioning the smaller birds and animals, one of a kind to each. At last they reached the last pair, a crow and a turkey.

"'Now,' said the white man, with a great show of fairness, 'you may have the crow, and I'll take the turkey; or I'll take the turkey and you may have the crow.'

"'Huh!' grunted the Indian. 'Why, you no talk turkey to me?'"

Unavoidably Detained.

Judge—You are sentenced to twenty years in state prison. Have you anything to say? Prisoner—Yes, your honor. Will you please send word to my wife not to wait dinner for me?—Meggendorfer Blaetter.

Something Lacking.

Friend—She is an ideal soprano. Manager—Well—er—she would be if her disposition were as sweet as her voice.

LIFE ON TORPEDO BOATS.

Much Distress In Hot, Cramped Quarters In a Heavy Sea.

Each of the torpedo craft carries a crew of from sixty to seventy men, and when one considers the size of the space in which it is necessary for these men to move about in operating the powerful yet intricate machinery and find sleeping space also one must marvel at the life aboard a vessel of this class.

To live in quarters the size of an ordinary dry goods box is not the life that the everyday American cares to essay. To endure such life for hours at a stretch, without sleep or food, and to stand exposed in all climates—such is life aboard a torpedo craft for officers and men alike.

There is no discrimination. That is why one sees beardless faces and slender figures behind the conning towers when these long, three and four stacked fliers run into port for coal and water at frequent intervals, which is necessary on account of their limited space for carrying these necessities. In the comparatively smooth waters of Norfolk harbor the torpedo boats look very much like the motor racers in disguise, but they are far from being the pleasure craft that the auto boats are, and they go where the helmsman of a motor boat would not dare to venture.

The ocean is the place to see the torpedo boat under way, and then life on board the craft can be seen in its true light. Sticking their bows into the long, green swells, the spray flying above the signal staffs forward and the solid green water washing the low decks continually, is but one picture of life on the rolling deep in a mere shell of a boat.

In the harbor and when at sea in fair weather the torpedo boats run with the hatches open, the commanding officer stands on watch clear of the forward conning tower, and the crew lounge on deck, but when the little craft begins to roll and plunge in the seaway, the hatches are closed, and, barring the stumpy smokestacks, the vessels resemble baby whales at play. It is then that the crew suffers most while at sea. All must remain below decks or place themselves in jeopardy. To venture above while the vessel is plunging about the sea with decks awash would be extremely hazardous.

Sometimes the steward will essay to climb along the deck from the stern to the forward hatch with a smoking fish clasped tightly in his hands. He is in a race with the seas. If he reaches his destination forward he is lucky. If the seas get there first the fishes get the food.

In the event of the seas overtaking him, then he has to scramble back to the galley and await another chance. This is an amusing incident of life aboard, to watch the steward essay the trip in rough weather.

Intense heat prevails below decks when the craft is under way with hatches closed, and the humidity is one of the inconveniences to which the crew of a torpedo boat is subjected and is one of the most objectionable features of life aboard the torpedo craft, as the heat is oppressive and fearful at times, with all four boilers under full draft and ponderous engines throbbing and pulsating at full speed of perhaps twenty-five to thirty knots.—Norfolk Landmark.

Benbow and His Messmate.

When the brave Admiral Benbow was a common sailor his messmate, who was stationed with him at the same gun, lost his leg by a cannon shot. The poor fellow called to his friend Benbow, who took him upon his shoulder and descended with him to the cockpit, but it happened that just as the poor fellow's head came upon a level with the deck another ball carried that off also. Benbow, however, knew nothing of the matter and carried the body down to the surgeon, calling out to the latter that he had brought a patient, desiring some one to bear a hand. The surgeon turned about and exclaimed:

"Why, what do you do here with a man who has lost his head?"

"Lost his head!" says Benbow. "A lying scoundrel! He told me it was his leg, but I never believed what he said in my life without being sorry for it afterward."

Malay Literature.

The Malay tribes possess but little in the way of literature, the greater part, like that of Java, consisting of romances known under the Sanskrit name of "cheritra," or the Arabic one of "hikayut." Their subjects are taken from the Hindoo epics, from the local legends of Java, from the Mohammedan tales from Arabia and from the stories of Malay princes, hardly less fabulous. Such compositions differ from those of the Javanese in that the greater number of them are in prose. The Malays are possessed of no ancient manuscripts or inscriptions on stone or brass. Their whole literature, all in the Arabic character, is certainly not of greater antiquity than their conversion to the Mohammedan religion, the earliest recorded specimen of it being the vocabulary of the Italian Pigafetta, collected in the Moluccas in 1521.

No Chance For Attachment.

Excessive bashfulness is no joke to the person who suffers from it. Such a person was Jared Philpot. Half a dozen times in his life he had wanted to marry somebody, but could never summon the courage to say so, and he had become a middle aged bachelor and "Uncle Jared" to a large collection of nieces and nephews. "Uncle," one of these youthful relatives asked him one day, "how does it happen that you have never taken a 'rib' unto yourself?" "What would be the use, child?" sighed Uncle Jared. "I haven't any backbone."

THEIR MAY FLITTING

By FRANK H. SWEET

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"The au-dac-i-ty!"

Elizabeth Brown's eyes flashed, and she threw the note from her angrily, then picked it up at the inquiring look of her mother.

"Read that!" she commanded hotly.

Mrs. Brown took the letter and read it meekly. It was brief:

My Dear Miss Betty—I have just left the house. It is down in the country and near the seashore and has piazzas and an apple orchard—in short, is an ideal home for a young married couple. Will call tomorrow and go into details more fully. Faithfully yours, JAMES GRAHAM.

Mrs. Brown looked up with a pleased flutter.

"I didn't know it had—had gone so far, Elizabeth," she said eagerly, "that you were engaged. When"—

"We are not engaged," sharply, "and never will be. I have thought Mr. Graham a very pleasant man and have liked him, and he has called on us quite often lately, but there has never been a word of—of love spoken, and now this note! It is positively insulting! Mother, we must commence packing at once and move this very afternoon."

"Why, child, we can't," in startled dismay. "It will take a week at least. You know"—

"I know we shall be out of this house before night!" vehemently. "I shall go and engage a moving van at once to carry our goods to the station, and I will have them taken to the little station just beyond the limits of the town. It will cost a few dollars more, but it will hide all trace of our whereabouts. Mr. Graham will be here tomorrow to go into details—the presumptuous wretch! I'm sorry I ever spoke to him about our plans to hire a quiet place for the summer. Now, mother, you go and be packing your clothes and valuables. I shall tell the van man to be here in an hour, and we must be ready."

"Yes, dear," meekly, "but where shall we go?"

"Why, to—to— Oh, anywhere! It doesn't really matter. Suppose we try that little place where we had two weeks' outing last summer—Orchardville, you know. It's real country there, with solitary walks and gardens in every yard and country people coming in with things to sell. Rent must be cheap there, and by offering enough we can get some sort of house, or, if we can't, we'll hire part of one or rooms. Anyway we haven't time to engage one ahead now."

"Orchardville is where we first met Mr. Graham, isn't it?"

"Is it? Why, yes. I believe you are right, mother, but, you know, he told us he was just down there for a few days' fishing and that he didn't get a bite, so, of course, we wouldn't meet him again. Men never go fishing twice to the same place when they have bad luck. Now, please hurry, mother."

The next afternoon they were standing on the front porch of a pretty vine covered cottage, superintending the removal of their goods from the local delivery wagon. The indignation still burned in Elizabeth's eyes. Mrs. Brown looked tired and plaintive.

"I do hope we can stay here, Elizabeth," she sighed, "but the postmaster seemed slow in giving up the key and wouldn't promise us the house sure."

"We'll stay all right, mother; don't you worry. The house was to rent and the key left with the postmaster for prospective tenants. What if the owner did write to him about an old maid who was looking after a place for some young friends and that he would have her come down and see this. She hasn't put in an appearance yet, nor her young friends, and we were the first real applicants. Besides, we are in actual possession, and I was shrewd enough to force an advance rent into the postmaster's hands. Now help me swing this hammock on the piazza here and then you lie down in it for an hour's rest."

Two days later they were settled and the furniture was all arranged. Mrs. Brown was lying in the hammock behind the screen of vines, gazing pensively at Elizabeth, who had stopped reading and was now contemplating the closed book in her lap with unseeing eyes. There were solitary walks about this village, many of them, and the young girl was facing the fact that the walks represented the social condition of the place. The previous summer's outing had been pleasant, but there had been companionship to make it so.

The gate latch clicked, and Mrs. Brown was aroused by a stifled exclamation from Elizabeth. Coming up the walk was James Graham, and beside him was an angular, middle aged woman who was apparently refusing to be convinced.

"'Tain't the kind of house I want, Mr. Graham," she was saying shrilly, "not in any way. There must be a bay winder in the end for Della's plants an' willers in front for her an' Tommy to set under. She said I needn't even look at a place without the willers."

"But let me show you through the house, Miss Brown," urged Graham. "I am sure you will like the arrangement, and there is a fine willow in the back yard which the young people can sit under. There wasn't time to go to my agent after the key, but I can get in one of the windows and open the back door from the inside. I'm sure"—

But the woman stopped short, turned and started back toward the gate.

"Willers in front," she repeated aggressively. "Them's the last words Della said. It's no use, Mr. Graham I don't want it."

Graham watched her through the gate and up the sidewalk toward the station and then turned again to the house.

"Might as well run through it while I'm here," they heard him say, then: "Why, hello! Looks as if somebody lived in the house—curtains at the windows, and," as he came a few steps nearer, "hammocks swung on the piazza, and— Great Scott! Elizabeth—Miss Brown. You here! Well, well! This is luck."

Elizabeth was at the head of the steps now, an odd light in her face.

"Who was that woman, Mr. Graham?" she demanded.

"Belle Brown, a queer stick, who is looking after a house. A friend recommended her to me as a joke and I determined to retaliate by actually renting her the house. You have noticed how I failed. But is it really possible that you have rented my house from the postmaster?"

"We really have," Elizabeth answered smilingly, "though we did not dream it was yours."

"An uncle gave it to me several months ago, and you are my first tenants. It's jolly that you are to be here all summer. I like the place and have planned to come down after a few days for a long stay, but I did feel a little apprehensive about the social lonesomeness. It's odd, though, that you didn't give me some hint of your coming. I"— He paused abruptly at something he saw in her face, adding suspiciously: "Did you get that letter I meant for Betty Brown, which she told me never reached her? Yes!" as the color rose swiftly to her face. "I see you did." He hesitated a moment, then leaned toward her boldly. "Suppose we let the letter stand, Elizabeth, just as it was written," he whispered. "It is what I really would have sent to you had I dared."

Elizabeth tried to frown, but the frown softened before it reached her eyes, and he was looking into her eyes. He was satisfied.

Didn't Satisfy the Magistrate.

The other evening a man of the burglar type stepped up to an old gentleman and, handing him a piece of paper, said:

"Sir, would you be good enough to read me the writing on this piece of paper?"

The individual addressed consented and, moving toward the rays of a convenient gas lamp, read the following words:

"If you utter a cry or speak a single word I shall shoot you. Give me your watch and chain and your purse at once and then pass on."

Completely taken off his guard, the gentleman handed over the articles asked for and walked off. A few steps brought him to a policeman, and, relating his story, the pair proceeded in pursuit of the stranger, who was not yet out of sight.

Next morning before the magistrate the vagrant was called upon for an explanation.

"Your honor," he said, "I am not an educated man and can therefore neither read nor write. Last evening I picked up a piece of paper, and, it striking me that it might be of some importance, I took it to the first person I met and asked him to decipher it. The gentleman read it quietly to himself, and then, without saying a word, handed me his watch, chain and purse and walked off without giving me time to recover from my surprise or to ask him what he meant. It seemed to me that the paper possessed a certain value, and that he had given me the valuables as a reward for finding it."

But the magistrate gave him six months just the same.—London Tit-Bits.

The Quiet Answer.

As a young and unknown man I went down to a certain sessions court on the Oxford circuit to prosecute for the crown in a case of extensive robbery from a goods shed of the London and Northwestern railway. Some ten or twelve of us, all members of the circuit, had accepted the invitation of a very good fellow, also an Oxford circuit man, to drive out that evening and dine with him at —— manor. My case had duly come on and I had secured a verdict of "guilty" during the afternoon. Having changed into evening dress, I took my place in a private bus, together with my fellow guests, for the five miles' drive out. About halfway there I, as a newcomer, not having apparently been noticed by the rest (the inside of the vehicle was as dark as Erebus), a certain Mr. T., a great talker, asked in loud tones, "Who was the young idiot who prosecuted today in that railway case?"

"I was." I promptly rejoined from my obscure corner, and I never knew a man relapse so quickly into silence before or since.—Fox Russell in Pall Mall Magazine.

Autograph Fans.

It was in China that the first autograph fans were seen, and they became very fashionable there long years ago. Some carefully preserved specimens have belonged to the emperors and their wives, while others have been given as diplomatic presents. A fan of this description, for instance, was presented by the Chinese ambassador to Mme. de Clanzel at the coronation of Napoleon I. In India the very first fans were supplied by nature in the spreading leaves of the lotus and palm, but screen fans soon became emblems of power there also, for they are not only mentioned in the great Hindoo poems "Mahabharata" and "Ramayana," but Brahma and Indra are represented in the ancient sculptures at Elephanta followed by slaves bearing the fly fan and parasol, which latter was also considered as an emblem of supreme power.

QUEER MANX CUSTOMS.

Why Natives Ate the Meat Before They Supped the Broth.

Peculiar to itself is the code of laws of the Isle of Man. The laws of England have never prevailed there, and some of the Manx enactments are very curious. One of the earliest enjoined "all Scots to avoid the land with the next vessel that goeth into Scotland, upon pain of forfeiture of their goods and bodies to prison." Another enacted that "Irishwomen loitering and not working be commanded forth of this isle with as much convenient speed as may be" (1561). The first of these laws was the result of a series of raids on the Manx coast by a Galloway rover named MacCulloch. It is said that it was at this period that the Manx custom originated of "eating the meat before they supped the broth," lest they should be deprived of the more substantial part by the appearance at their doors of this Scotchman and his crew. About this time the parish clerks were ordered "to stand at the church doors at the time of service and whip and beat all the doggs." During the seventeenth century a law was made that "whosoever shall be found or detected to pull horse tayles shall be punished upon the wooden horse of the parish, thereon to continue two hours, and to be whipped naked from the waist upward."

Manx deemsters—the high court judges—are still sworn, as they have been for hundreds of years, by the following curious oath: "By this book and the contents thereof, and by the wonderful works that God hath miraculously wrought in the heaven above and in the earth beneath in six days and seven nights, I do swear that I will, without respect of favor or friendship, loss or gain, consanguinity or affinity, envy or malice, execute the laws of this isle justly between party and party as indifferently as the herring backbone doth lie in the midst of the fish. So help me God and the contents of this book."

Every woman, widow or spinster, in the Isle of Man, whether she be owner, occupier or even lodger, enjoys the franchise for the Manx house of keys elections. Every widow enjoys half of her husband's personal estate and has a life interest in his real estate, and she cannot be deprived of this by will. Her written consent must be obtained to all transfers and deeds affecting her husband's property. On the other hand, no married woman can legally own in her own right either money or property in the Isle of Man. She can have no separate estate unless specially provided before marriage.

England's Semitropical Vegetation.

Few people have any idea that within five hours' railway journey from London there is a semitropical belt equal to many in South Africa. Ten minutes only by steamer across the sound from Plymouth will convince the most skeptical of this fact. In the private gardens belonging to the Earl of Mount Edgcumbe there is one more sheltered than the rest, though only separated by a short but stiff climb from the sea below. Here in the open flourish all the year round fine tree camellias of the true Cape varieties—rich pink and creamy white, one tree exhibiting the peculiarity of both colors blossoming at once; sturdy blue gums grow here twenty feet high; fine clumps of giant and dwarf bamboo, splendid fruit and tree palms, the aromatic nutmeg and other spices, enormous geraniums, ferns from all parts of the world and, last, but not least, healthy oranges, lemons and citrons, all growing vigorously on their respective trees—a wonderful testimony to the mildness of the south Devon and Cornish coasts.—Pall Mall Gazette.

Weddings and Funerals In China.

Strangers in China have the greatest difficulty when meeting a funeral or wedding procession on the street to distinguish one from the other. The same red cloth coolies, carrying roasted pig and other dainties, appear in the procession, the same smaller coolies carrying cheap paper ornaments, and the same noisy turnout, and all this when some old person is being carried to his last resting place, as when the youngest and most beautiful Celestial maiden is being carried to the new home prepared by her husband. The crowd at the funeral is as noisy as at a wedding, and the guests eat just as much. The only difference indeed between the two is that in the center of one the bride is carried in an inclosed sedan chair, borne on the shoulders of some men, and followed by her bridesmaids. In that of the other the coffin is carried and the mourners follow. Indeed, an English writer says that no event in the life of a Chinaman is half so important as his funeral.

The Happy Man.

A certain king once upon a time fell into a state of deep melancholy. Court physicians could do nothing for him and were in despair, when a certain very wise man bethought himself of the well known cure of sleeping in the shirt of a perfectly happy man overnight. So courtiers were dispatched everywhere in search of the shirt of a perfectly happy man. One by one they returned from their fruitless search throughout the vast kingdom. At last only one courtier remained out, and he, too, began to despair of finding the shirt of a perfectly happy man. It was just about twilight and he was riding over a village green, when he was attracted by the careless laughter of a disreputable beggar who was stretched full length upon the sward. "Are you are a perfectly happy man?" demanded the courtier, reining in his horse. "You bet," said the beggar. "A thousand crowns for the loan of your shirt!" "But I ain't got none," replied the beggar.

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At the Old Horse Sale

By Sara Beaumont Kennedy

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"You must not go in there. It is no place for you." There was more than protest in his voice. There was positive command, which, perhaps, was the reason why she walked directly under the auctioneer's red flag into the express office, already thronged with idle, curious buyers.

"I never was at anything more exciting than a dry goods bargain sale. This will be positively like Monte Carlo."

"Our uncle will disapprove"—

"Of course he will. He disapproves of most things I do since you took up the role of social mentor for the family. That year abroad spoiled you, Adolphus. You have never been endurable since you took to patent uppers and a monocle. Now, Nick would have brought me in here without a word of remonstrance and lent me every penny out of his pocket if I needed it to bid with—lent me even his car fare and walked home uncomplainingly and carried my parcels."

"If he had not happened to see an old woman or a lame cat to help over the crossing, in which case, very likely, he would have laid the parcels down and quite forgotten to pick them up."

"Perhaps—for Nick is a bit absent-minded, but he is perfectly adorable when it comes to giving a girl her own way."

"My brother is happy in winning your good opinion. It is my misfortune"—

"No, it's your fault: you are so frightfully conventional. Dear me, what curious people!"

"They are the drift from the street. None of our set ever"—

"There, the auctioneer is beginning again. It will be perfectly delightful to buy something and not have the least idea what it is—so weird and mysterious!"

"Nellie, surely you are not going to bid out loud in this crowd?"

"I certainly am. There is no harm in it, and I am sick to death of the right angle rules by which you and uncle measure my life. Wonder what that woman found in her parcels? There goes up a bandbox. I shall bid on that."

"Nellie, don't!" he first commanded, then entreated vehemently, but she was as a deaf adder that stoppeth her ears.

"Fifty cents," she called, in answer to the auctioneer's challenge, at the same time stepping upon an empty box by the wall, so that she was in plain view of the whole crowd.

"Seventy-five cents!" screamed a feminine voice across the hall.

"One dollar," flashed back Nellie, her color rising, her eyes shining, for her cousin's voice came up to her in agitated whispers.

"One fifty," came from her opponent.

"Two dollars," cried Nellie, pushing Adolphus' hand from her sleeve.

"Three dollars," shrieked the other woman, nervously counting the change in her purse. No one else was bidding, the entire crowd having centered its attention on the nervous woman and the "swell" girl, and there were cheers and counter cheers as the bids rose dollar by dollar until at last the coveted box was knocked down to Nellie.

She was still laughing and flushed with her triumph when they emerged from the door over which flew the red flag, but Adolphus felt miserable and compromised, and this feeling was not abated when he saw the astonishment in the eyes of Miss Curtis, whose landau happened at that moment to pass, for Miss Curtis was the personification of rigid conventionality. He counted the meeting as one more misfortune in an unlucky day.

Nellie's excitement waned as they walked, and by the time they entered her uncle's gate she was strangely silent. Adolphus evidently took this for a hopeful sign, for presently he cleared his throat, adjusted his monocle and began:

"Nellie, we must talk seriously. The time has come"—

"No, it hasn't come," she said, interrupting him good naturedly, "so stop right there. I don't know whether this is a lecture or a proposal of marriage—your private talks with me vibrate between these two subjects—but I am in no mood for either. For heaven's sake, Adolphus, throw that glass away. I hate to be spied at like that!"

With a reproachful sigh he removed the offending glass and said: "Nick not only lectured you yesterday; he positively scolded you, and"—

"And I deserved it, but I answered him back spitefully, like the little beast I am, and he—he hasn't even noticed me since." She turned her head so that he did not see the quiver of her red lips, the passionate protest of her eyes.

All their set knew that her dictatorial old uncle intended she should marry Adolphus, who satisfied his social ambitions, while Nick, who cared nothing for society, smoked a pipe and forgot to have his trousers creased, was a thorn in the old man's side. Between these two were constant disagreements, which Nellie had hitherto managed to make up, but yesterday there had been a quarrel of unusual violence, and there was even some talk of Nick's leaving the house. It was of this she had been thinking as she followed her purchase home.

"Adolphus," she said as they mounted the steps, "can't you do something—anything—to patch up this new quarrel between Nick and uncle? It isn't Nick's fault that he is—that he was—was born different from you and uncle."

"I quite agree with my uncle about this slumming business. A man in Nick's position owes something to—to appearances."

"Stuff!" she scoffed and ran by him into the house.

In the library, to stem the tide of Adolphus' wooing, she hastily opened her box and lifted out the contents, a quaint and curious bonnet of a decade ago, a bonnet with a scooped brim piled high with flowers and nodding plumes. As she put it on her head, shrieking with laughter, her uncle and Nick entered the room, both of them showing in their manner strong excitement. The girl paused in her prancing and paled at the sight of the stern faces. Her uncle saw her strange headgear and angrily demanded its origin. Adolphus explained very carefully, not forgetting his own expostulations against the caprice. The old man turned wrathfully upon the girl.

"You and Nick are of a piece in your attempts to humiliate and make a laughingstock of me. My niece, the female head of my family, bidding at a common auction against a washerwoman! Take that hideous thing out of my sight!"

But the spoiled girl only made him a daring little courtesy which set all the bonnet's varihued plumes a-nodding. Nick crossed the room to her side.

"Nellie," he said wistfully, "I am going away for good; my uncle and I have agreed it is best. He has forbidden me to speak to you of marriage (and that is the cause of our quarrel), but I love you with all my heart. You know what I have to offer you, dear, but will you come with me as my wife?"

It was as if a bomb had exploded at the old man's feet. The words of interruption he would have uttered were only splutterings of anger. By the table the girl paused, trembling and going from white to red. Then her uncle found his voice.

"Out of my sight, sir! Your disobedience shall cost you dearly. I disown you—I cut you off without a penny for your impudence! Your inheritance shall be"—he glanced about for the most worthless thing in sight, and his eye lit on the empty box on the table—"that trash, sir! Take your inheritance and go!"

He was pointing to the door, but Nick's eyes were on Nellie and into them there flashed a radiant joy as at a sign from her he approached the table.

"You give me this box and its contents as my fortune, sir?"

"Yes."

"Then I am content, for you have given me that which I most desire in all the whole world."

The old man looked sharply at the two smiling faces. "What mummery is this?" he demanded. Then he, too, approached the table and peered into the box where Nick's eyes were fastened. "What is that?" he cried, adjusting his glasses.

"If you please, sir, it is Nick's heritage," answered Nellie shyly.

For in the side of the pasteboard box was a hole through which the rogue of a girl had thrust her dimpled hand.

And that was how Nellie obtained her uncle's consent and how Nick won his heart's desire as the aftermath of the old horse sale.

Difficulty and Ease.

There is not that conflicting antagonism between difficulty and ease that is commonly imagined. Many persons count the former as the bane of existence, to be avoided as far as possible, and the latter an agreeable friend, whose presence is always to be courted.

On the contrary, however, they are both elements of human life intended to work in harmony with each other, and thus to produce a beneficial effect upon us that neither one could effect alone. Every difficulty rightly treated leads by a direct road to ease. How hard and perplexing were the first trembling steps of the infant as he tottered to his mother's knee! A year or two later and the very easiest thing the healthy child can do is to leap, to run, to bound. Now he is slowly learning the forms of the letters and painfully endeavoring to trace them with the pen, but in a short time he will read and write without an effort. So with everything he undertakes to do through life. Its difficulty when courageously accepted and coped with gradually yields to its easy and smooth performance.

His Brand of Birds.

Nearly every man, woman or child who goes to Jefferson City pays a visit to the penitentiary, for, though a gloomy, forbidding place, it has a strong interest. While acting as assistant city counselor Jacques Harvey was at the capital on some legal business and wandered up to look over the "pen." He joined a party making the rounds, one member of which was a little girl. She became interested in the convict who handles the revolving cage that lets visitors in and out, and stopped to talk to him:

"'Do you find it dull here, sir?' she said.

"'Indeed I do, miss,' the convict answered.

"'Still,' said the child, 'the singing of the birds helps to relieve the monotony, doesn't it?'

"'Singing of the birds?' said the convict in a puzzled voice.

"'Yes,' said the little girl.

"'What birds?' asked the man.

"The well meaning but ignorant child with a hopeful smile replied:

"'The little jail birds. They must be a great comfort to you.'"—Kansas City Independent.

The Madding Crowd.

One thing that annoys and humiliates a western man in New York city is the way in which he is herded with the crowd. Out west a man is an individual. He feels that he is somebody, a responsible citizen, a factor in the community, a person more or less worth while, entitled to a certain amount of respect merely as a man and regardless of wealth or social position or political power. But in New York, unless one is somebody very important, he is nobody at all. He is a mere unit in the mob, of no more moment than one ant in a hill.—San Francisco Bulletin.

THE "DIVINE STORM."

Fearful Typhoon That Saved Japan From a Chinese Invasion.

About 600 years ago Japan was threatened with an invasion from continental Asia, much as England was threatened with invasion by the Spaniards. The beaten Spanish armada was dispersed by a storm, and Japan was delivered in much the same way, but without an engagement. A Japanese writer, Okakura Yoshisaburo, says: "The mighty Kublai, grandson of the great Genghiz Khan, haughty with his resistless army, whose devastating intrepidity taught even Europe to tremble at the mention of his name, dispatched an embassy to the Japanese court to demand the subjection of the country. The message was indignantly dismissed. Enraged at this, Kublai equipped a large number of vessels with the choicest soldiers China could furnish. The invading force was successful at first and committed massacres in Iki and Tsushima, islands lying between Korea and Japan. The position was menacing. Even the steel nerves of the trained samurai felt that thrill a patriot knows. Shinto priests and Buddhist monks were busy at their prayers.

"A tremendous Chinese fleet gathered in the boisterous bay of Genkai in the summer of 1281. At last the evening came with the ominous glow on the horizon that foretells an approaching storm. It was the plan of the conquering army victoriously to land the next morning on the holy soil of Kyushu. But during this critical night a fearful typhoon, known to this day as the 'divine storm,' arose, breaking the jet black sky with its tremendous roar of thunder and bathing the glittering armor of the soldiers standing on the coast line in weird flashes of dazzling light. The very heaven and earth shook before the mighty anger of nature.

"Dawn of the next morning saw the whole fleet of the proud Yuan that had covered the water for miles swept completely away into the bottomless sea of Genkai, to the great relief of the terror stricken populace and to the inevitable disappointment of our determined soldiers. Out of the 10,000 warriors who manned 3,500 invading ships only three are recorded to have survived the destruction to tell the dismal tale to their crestfallen great khan."

Knots and Miles.

One of the things which it seems difficult for the public mind to grasp is that there is a decided difference between the knot and the mile. It is certainly about time to have it thoroughly understood that the two are not the same thing. It seems easy enough to remember that a mile is only about 87 per cent of a knot, the latter being approximately 6,082 feet in length, while the statute mile measures 5,280 feet. Three and one-half miles are equal, within a small fraction, to three knots. The result of this difference, of course, is that the speed of a vessel in miles per hour is always considerably larger than when stated in knots, and the confusion of the terms sometimes gives rise to rather remarkable claims of speed performance. When a twenty knot ship, for example, is lightly mentioned, it should be remembered that this really means a little over twenty-three miles. Similarly with higher figures, which are often glibly enough stated, the difference between the terms is worth bearing in mind. It will help to guard against the forming of ridiculous estimates of a vessel's capabilities.

Cow Pony Ahead of Pilgrims.

The cow pony is of distinguished lineage. His ancestral home was among the Moors of Barbary, and his pedigree reads back to the "Godolphin Arabian." Innocently associated with the Spanish invasion of Mexico his race was already established on the plains of the southwest when the Mayflower landed. In the centuries that followed he conformed his nature to the requirements of the plains until he fitted them as the camel fits the desert, and became so perfectly adapted to the work of the cattle range as to make it doubtful whether the needs of the cowboy evolved the cow pony or the capacities of the pony produced the cowboy.—Country Life In America.

Is Life Worth Living?

Those people who say that life is not worth living find it so because they do not go to work to make it worth living. Why does sadness overpower them? Is it so much harder for them than for others to see sin and suffering? What right have they to add their weight to the world's burdens? Is it a sign of intellect to be cowardly? And do these people not dream that the spiritual power which makes such an intellectual condition impossible is vastly superior to any power that the intellect alone can attain.—Elizabeth Peabody.

Very Considerate.

"One way for you to improve yourself, young man, is to constantly associate with your superiors."

"I know it is, sir, but I am so conscientious I cannot bring myself to do it."

"And why conscientious?"

"I hate to think what my superiors would be suffering all that time."—Cincinnati Commercial Tribune.

A Mixup.

Magistrate—If I let you off this time will you promise me to take the pledge? Delighted Prisoner (excitedly)—Oi will, yer honor, an' drink yer health!

Without earnestness there is nothing to be done in life.—Goethe.

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A sun bath is a most potent factor in the cure of any disease. After one's skin becomes accustomed to the direct rays of the sun one may lie in the sunshine for hours at a time with great benefit, but at first the exposure should be of only a few minutes' duration at one time. These short periods, however, may be repeated several times a day. The best results are obtained by exposing the bare skin of the whole body (except the head) to the direct rays of the sun. Consequently a cot placed in the bow window of an upper chamber is an ideal place for a sun bath, provided that the air in the chamber is absolutely fresh and pure.

To sit on the porch in the sun is very beneficial, even if one must be so warmly wrapped up as to make it difficult for the sun's rays to penetrate to the skin.

To lie on the grass in the sun is better still—on the grass with only a blanket between the invalid and the healing powers of mother earth.

The patient's head should not be exposed to the direct rays of the sun in any case, and a sun bath should be followed by a cool sponge bath when possible.—Maxwell's Talisman.

EFFIGIES AT FUNERALS.

A Curious Custom That Was Followed In the Olden Days.

At the funerals of great personages, the old chronicles tell us, "his lively effigy," dressed to imitate life, was carried in a chariot before the corpse to the grave, then there set up under a "hearse" or a temporary monument in the church. Such effigies were often left in a glass case standing over the vault where the interment had taken place. Some statues were of wood, with heads of plaster, but the more modern ones were of wax. In the olden days laudatory poems or epitaphs were affixed with pins or wax to these "hearses" and were even thrown into graves on the coffins in a similar manner to our modern custom of flowers at a burial. When Skelton, poet laureate to Henry VIII., "took sanctuary at Westminster to escape the displeasure of the then all powerful Cardinal Wolsey it is said that he subsisted on what he earned by writing epitaphs for use at funerals in the abbey. Ben Jonson's well known epitaph to the Countess of Pembroke—

> Underneath this sable hearse
> Lies the subject of all verse,
> Sidney's sister, etc.—

was evidently thus attached to her "hearse."—Gentleman's Magazine.

A Hard Cut.

Mr. Jawback—Why are you not wearing your wedding ring? Mrs. Jawback—I wore it out doing housework! —Cleveland Leader.

The reason why lovers are never weary of one another is this—they are ever talking of themselves.—Rochefoucauld.

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